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SIXPENCE.

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ROYAL DISCIPLES OF IZAAK WALTON: PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES AND HIS BROTHER TAKING AN ANGLING LESSON AT ABERGELDIE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

During their holiday at Abergeldie the young Princes are taking lessons in fishing from Mr. Abercrombie, the Prince's head keeper on the Aberdeenshire estate.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The War Commission Report is pleasant reading for nobody save our amiable censors abroad. They were sadly disappointed when we turned defeat into victory in South Africa; they have their revenge now in the confession of the incompetence which made the war so long, so weary, and so costly. The deluded persons who told us that the War Office had been grossly maligned, and that history would do justice to its patience under unmerited contumely, have not yet lifted their voices to condemn the Report; but as they abused the Commission even before it sat, I suppose they will be consistent in delirium. The Report, in truth, is the mildest-mannered document that ever rebuked incapacity. It reminds me of Polly Eccles in "Caste," when she apologises for her reprobate father. "Papa may have his faults, but he's a very clever man." Our military system may have its faults; but please observe the shining abilities of everybody who goes wrong. Besides, as Mr. Brodrick says, you cannot have "a perfect Army." The Navy is perfect, of course; the War Office humbly admires the perfection of the Admiralty. But surely you do not expect this sublime virtue to be evenly distributed all round! Down on your knees and thank Heaven that Britannia is shipshape on the seas, but do not exasperate Providence by begging that she may be decently equipped on land. When war was imminent, it was found that the War Office possessed about three boxes of the proper ammunition. What of that? You cannot have every-

Was this trifling deficiency repaired with promptitude? Oh dear, no! That would not have accorded with the traditions of the Treasury. The motto of the Treasury is, "Do not spend, lest you should become spendthrift." There are tales of millionaires who imagine that they are reduced to pauperism. I remember the case of an old gentleman who appeared at the office of his firm one day, and, with tears in his eyes, begged for employment. He said he was starving. He had about thirty thousand a year, which he had entirely forgotten; so his firm engaged him as a door-opener at fifteen shillings a week; and he discharged his duties with laborious punctuality, and never left the office at night without invoking the blessing of heaven on everybody, beginning with the youngest clerk. The Treasury is going the same way. "Good heavens! we've only three boxes of ammunition," says the War Office in a lucid interval, and scuttles off to the Treasury in a fever of alarm. "What do you want?" asks that Department gruffly. "There's a war threatening," gasps the W. O., "and we are reduced to the last cartridge. Please write a cheque for £650,000." "Rubbish!" says the Treasury; "why, you have lots of ammunition!" "Oh, yes," admits Pall Mall, "but that's the wrong sort for our rifles." "Can't help that," says the Treasury; "you must make it do. It's quite good enough for shooting Boers. Don't come here again. We have no money; we are ruined. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to squat on the pavement outside the National Gallery, and draw portraits of Britannia in rags, and interiors of workhouses, with coloured chalks, in the hope of getting a few coppers from wealthy Americans. He has had to borrow the money for the chalks!"

"What the Army needs," some distinguished witnesses assured the Commission, "is a thinking department." That is a horrible idea for the Treasury. Once have a General Staff, and it would demand money. "Here's a fellow who wants to know!" Mr. Tite Barnacle used to complain when questions were asked at the Circumlocution Office. "Here's that General Staff wanting to buy something!" I can hear the Treasury groan. "Oh dear! oh dear! Let's go out and sell matches!" And there is another class of official mind that would be sorely worried. A few years ago an eminent man put his name to a memorandum, in which he said that a General Staff was obnoxious to his moral sense because it would always be thinking about war. How could peace be preserved, and the brotherhood of man achieved, if you had a lot of officers planning possible campaigns, and getting the ammunition ready, and alarming foreign Powers by asking for maps of our own Colonies? Moreover, a General Staff, eternally thinking, would be very troublesome to a Secretary for War who has no time to think. What an uncomfortable time the poor man would have if the Chief of that General Staff happened to be Kitchener! And is it likely that he would be more willing to defer to Kitchener in that capacity than he is to defer to the Commander-in-Chief who, when a war is impending, is kept in the dark? Nothing is so dangerous, it seems, to our theory of Ministerial responsibility as a thinking soldier. He must not make a plan of campaign lest it should conflict with some piece of wisdom in the Cabinet; he must not be in the Cabinet lest he should upset his civilian colleagues, destroy the Constitution, and

submerge the brotherhood of man in the horrors of militarism.

The country is ringing now with denunciation. Party ties are forgotten, and every journal, whatever its political bias, joins in the angry chorus. Small wonder; but what is to come of it? Who will go to the root of the matter, and declare that Lord Rosebery's much-despised suggestion was sound, and that until you have your organising soldier in the Government itself, you will never have reform in Pall Mall, and your Army will be no better prepared for the next emergency than it was in 1899? What is the use of keeping up this farce of Ministerial responsibility, when you find the Colonial Office hinting to the War Office that there is danger ahead, and the War Office taking no notice, and when the Treasury exhibits to all the other Departments its deep disdain for judicious expenditure at the right moment? This is not responsibility; it is constitutional chaos. Lord Kitchener in the Cabinet would promptly take away from its military policy the air of private theatricals. The interests of the country would not be imperilled at a critical juncture by any amateur actor who has neglected rehearsals on the plea that he will be "all right on the night." An Army without cohesion, commanders without instructions, rifles wrongly sighted, ammunition of the wrong calibre, clothing of the wrong pattern—these are symptoms of a national philosophy which expects every other Power to be equally unready. "Can you fight?" "No." "Neither can we; so come on!" Which is the more rational course: to hang on to the brink of disaster by your eyelids, or to make your position secure by adapting your precious Constitution to the palpable necessities of the case?

We do adapt the Constitution to some social needs. There was a time, as Mr. G. J. Holyoake reminds us in the *Fortnightly*, when authority frowned upon the beard. The first men who ventured to wear beards in spite of the Constitution were followers of that strange lady, Joanna Southcott. "They did it in imitation of the Apostles, and were jeered at in the streets by ignorant Christians." Our Viking ancestors wore beards. The bold, bad Barons of the feudal system thought no worse of a man for not shaving. But when our constitutional liberties began, tyranny fastened on the chin. Mr. Holyoake remembers the first parson who appeared in the pulpit with a beard, but, as an apology for that audacity, shaved his upper lip. In my own time an Episcopalian divine with a moustache has been known to excite grave suspicions of his orthodoxy. In not very remote days the barrister who appeared in court with hair on his face would have been treated by the Bench as no better than a primitive Cave-man. For the bank-clerk or the workman, says Mr. Holyoake, the penalty of sporting a beard was instant dismissal. "Such was the daintiness of ignorance that a man could not eat, dress, nor even think as he pleased." He could not wear a white hat without being greeted in the street with injurious cries of "Who stole the donkey?" I never could understand the precise connection between the white hat and donkey-stealing. It seemed to my youthful mind, nurtured on Mill's "Logic," that if a man wanted to steal a donkey without attracting public notice, a white hat was the last thing he would dream of wearing. But illogical prejudice pulled our beards, knocked our white hats, so to speak, over our eyes; and this was the fruit of Magna Charta and the British Constitution!

But we have changed all that. I sat in an omnibus recently next to a young gentleman who wore a gold-tipped cigarette behind his left ear. He was an image of languid grace. Nobody seemed to remark the unusual ornament. One glance at the gilded ear apparently satisfied curiosity. There was no disposition to inquire, "Who robbed the till?" or whatever may be the modern equivalent of that ancient gibe about the donkey. But, in truth, there are no more gibes. It is related of a distinguished artist, now dead, whose face was a constant reminder of Falstaff's glorious apostrophe to Bardolph's nose, that he appeared at a dinner-party with a large and blazing geranium in his buttonhole. The host looked at this with momentary uneasiness, and the artist, tapping his nose, remarked, "Tones it down, dear boy!" Nothing else was said. Clive Newcome was dreadfully upset because the Colonel appeared serenely at dinner-parties and "crushes" in an old dress-coat he had worn in India for thirty years—blue, I think it was, with brass buttons. It never crossed the good Colonel's mind that this garment was not still in the height of fashion. But if he could be seen in it now, after the first slight shock to our nerves it would probably be quietly accepted as the harmless eccentricity of a distinguished public servant. I know by sight two old gentlemen with dyed hair and whiskers, one of them exactly like Dundreary, and the other the image of Mantalini. You may see them any day in Piccadilly, spruce, gay, quite unconscious that they lag behind the age. The age may smile; but it takes them kindly, like old prints.

MATTERS ANGLO-AUSTRIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

King Edward's host, Emperor Francis Joseph of Hapsburg, is probably the most sympathetic ruler whom he has hitherto personally visited, with the exception, perhaps, of M. Emile Loubet, the President of the Third Republic. These three men, different though they are in many respects, have one point in common—each would have willingly foregone the pre-eminent station reserved to him by destiny in order to occupy something not quite so conspicuous; though it is doubtful whether they would have been content to remain entirely obscure. In all three cases the wish was due to their admirable mothers. Queen Victoria was never allowed to forget her prospective importance from the moment she could be made to grasp the fact, and at her return from her Coronation she asked the Duchess of Kent as a signal favour to be left alone for one whole hour to reflect upon it, foreseeing, probably, that in the course of years she would get tired of it. There is an entirely holograph, or perhaps partly dictated, letter written by old Madame Loubet a few hours after the news of her son's election reached her, which is not only a masterpiece of common-sense, but might vie—of course, from an entirely antipodal point of view—with a chapter of Machiavel's "Prince." It is a well-known fact that M. Loubet's decision not to present himself for second election at the expiration of his first term of office is mainly due to his mother's inspiration. Emperor Francis Joseph's mother is that heroic Austrian Archduchess who attended the First Napoleon's son, and would have attended him to his last breath but for the fact of her seclusion being rendered necessary by the birth of Maximilian, the ill-fated and short-lived Emperor of Mexico.

Francis Joseph's second brother, the victim of the Third Napoleon's detestable colonial policy, and also the shuttlecock of two ambitious women, who have expiated their invertebrate diplomacy, is almost forgotten. Francis Joseph, Loubet, and King Edward himself remain to do their duty, not because they find it perhaps eminently exhilarating, but because it is part of their programme. Not later than a few weeks ago the Austrian Emperor plainly hinted that he, for one, felt old, and weary of his burden. The aged monarch must have considered himself very tired indeed to say such things to his beloved Viennese. It was, however, a side-thrust not at his subjects in the capital, but in the provinces, who, under the pretext of making politics, have made his life a hard one to him. But for that, the veteran monarch would perhaps have liked an Indian summer of his former Viennese life in company with a guest who, curiously enough, knows every European capital *comme sa poche*, but who knows least well the vastly amusing city on the banks of the blue Danube.

When Edward VII. was heir to the throne, one rarely ascribed his visits to the centres of European gaiety to political motives. Even those jaunts with Gambetta to the Moulin Rouge—I do not mean the ball, but the restaurant—were considered in the light of studies rather than of political interviews. The visits to Berlin were rarely undertaken for pleasure only; they were duty-calls, and considered as such. There are a good many bonds of sympathy between Kaiser Wilhelm and his uncle; there were many more between the two brothers-in-law; yet King Edward's trips (as Prince of Wales) to the city by the Spree could never be called familiar calls or State visits.

The idea of taking Vienna en route for Copenhagen or St. Petersburg never seemed to strike King Edward while heir to the English throne. King Humbert was not more favoured in that respect, and Leopold of Belgium was not a frequent host on the royal visiting-list. King Edward and Victor Emmanuel's son, though exceeding good friends, had not many pursuits in common, but Francis Joseph and Edward VII. have; the Austrian capital, notwithstanding, knows less of the English Sovereign than any Sovereign in Europe.

Nevertheless, it is very doubtful whether any reigning family is more in sympathy with ours, whether any country has fewer causes of friction with England: a fact which has been acknowledged over and over again. Austria has no outstanding grievance against England. She has no colonial policy, and either her interior concerns or her Balkan would have to assume an acute phase—and then solely at the instigation of Russia—before she would find herself in direct opposition to England. The only members of the exiled royal English family are in Austria. I am alluding to the Dowager Queen of Hanover and the Duke of Cumberland. Most Austrians will tell you that but for certain circumstances England would, for particular commodities, such as fancy blankets, passementerie, and other trimmings, be nearly as good a customer to Austria as she is to France. But for the distance from Regent Street, I would as soon take up my residence in Vienna as in Paris, and many "rolling stones" who have tried it, prefer the Austrian capital. "You are not taken to task here about the doings of the men in Downing Street and in Pall Mall," said one to me the other day. "If you know how to set about it, food is cheaper and better—yes, better—than in Paris; and you may get diggings where your *concierge* will not worry the life out of you. You have to be in at ten o'clock. Who told you that for a tale? You pay a small fee to a man who takes care of the belated inhabitants of three or four houses, opens their doors with a key, and sees that you do not get into the wrong house, which has occurred to me before now. Your music is vastly superior to anything you get on the whole of the Continent, and cheaper; and your drama, which you get translated from every language of Europe except the German, need not cost you,

on an average, five-and-twenty pounds a year. Your Society," my friend went on—"well, the Court is the Court, but how many invitations do you get to the State Concerts and State Balls, and how often are you asked to the Devonshires?" I could tell you a great deal more that would interest you, notably about books. If you know your way, ten shillings a twelvemonth will procure all the literature you need. According to people's accounts, life is dear in Vienna; if you go there with the intention of staying, it is only the first outlay that counts.

ART NOTES.

The Royal Academy, in the newly issued regulations for its schools, abolishes a rather gratuitous distinction hitherto made between the sexes. Henceforth there will be no prize "open to female students only." Something a little less than commendable generally lurks beneath such subdivisions of artists into men and women; and we may hope that the Council of Burlington House, when making this domestic revolution, had large principles in view, and not any mere desire to effect the economies that a general shrinkage in its bounties incidentally brings about.

In France, where sex can be excluded from nothing, the fashion is other than in London; and in Paris a project has just taken shape—the union of women painters, sculptors, and engravers, under the title "Palette et Ebauchoir." So long as a help against the difficulties which women labour under, strictly as women, is afforded by such a society, it can do nothing but good; we venture to take another view, however, when it is a question of separate exhibition. In a word, women may need to work with each other, but they should exhibit the results with each other and with men. No one can think the exhibition of Women Artists in London holds a position of real dignity, and the best members of the society exhibit at the Academy, as they ought. Separate exhibition looks like a confession of inferiority, of the ill results of the additional difficulties women have to encounter, whether essential or accidental. Obviously works of art cannot afford to make such a confession. Let women help one another to better opportunities and occasions of work behind the scenes; but they are bound, if they hope for success, to make their appearance upon the common stage. So well have very eminent women been convinced of this that in literature a multitude have followed the example of Charlotte Brontë, Emily Brontë, and Mary Ann Evans, and have kept their sex at first a secret. This has not been done in France. The sex of George Sand was never a mystery, even though she dressed as a man, playing at the disguise which the Englishwoman practised seriously. But then France has never produced women of such genius in letters as the few great Englishwomen possessed—a curious international fact that has never yet attracted attention. In painting, the women of France have done well, but not greatly well.

So much was thought and said about Cruikshank at the time of his death that it is rather a surprise now to hear that a series of drawings he made in illustration of "The Pilgrim's Progress" still remain unpublished. No incident could better indicate how exclusively he was ranged by the public as an illustrator of Dickens, to whom, indeed, he had so close an affinity as to lend some speciousness to his claim to some of Dickens's plots. The Oxford University Press, however, will attempt this autumn to establish the unwonted pen-and-pencil partnership between Cruikshank and Bunyan.

Mr. Sargent, R.A., who now brings to a close his prolonged holiday in Spain, has been looking at pictures rather than painting them. His admiration for the great Italian artist known, nevertheless, in Spain as El Greco has led him hither and thither in quest of a sight of the works of this very cosmopolitan master.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CARDINAL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Save for some flying visits, Mr. Willard has deserted London ever since, thirteen years ago, he won popular renown in "The Middleman" and "Judah"; so no wonder his St. James's audience enthusiastically welcomed last Monday his return to our stage; for here is an actor possessed of a splendid voice, a gracious and distinguished presence, robust histrionic methods, and a magnetic personality. And yet, all the vociferous applause notwithstanding, Mr. Willard is not now seen to the greatest advantage. For one thing, his long American sojourn has apparently taught him to admire the music of his own tones, to ladle out his speeches over-deliberately, to adopt a manner that is occasionally effeminate. Moreover, his latest part, that of the Cardinal in Mr. Louis Parker's so-called romantic drama, showy as it is, gives no scope for acting—because the character's various (and conflicting) phases are unharmonised—and merely provides opportunities for sonorous declamation. In strict truth, Mr. Parker's play is simple melodrama, decked out, but hardly disguised, in Renaissance dress. The theme of its story, which would be positively bald but that the "local colour" is rather skilfully, if diffusely, worked in, treats of the seal of the confessional, which not even a Cardinal can break to save the life of his brother, falsely accused of murder. The solution of the *impasse* is effected by the Cardinal's assuming, like Hamlet, an antic disposition, and leading the real assassin to boast of his crime. The trick, badly worked, serves its sensational purpose, but it degrades the presumed lofty character of the Cardinal, who plainly, though indirectly, betrays his

trust. Mr. Willard, however, goes far towards making this scholarly, curio-loving, other-worldly, yet crafty Medici Cardinal convincing and sympathetic, and he is ably assisted by Mr. Waring, a swashbuckler, again in the rôle of the villain, and by Mr. Fulton, very grim as a stern magistrate of mediæval Rome. Neither Mr. Willard's *jeune premier* nor his feminine supporters are very satisfactory; but the leading actor's own virtuosity, and the picturesque mounting he has provided for the piece, should secure "The Cardinal" general favour.

THE LONDON HIPPODROME'S PROGRAMME.

The Hippodrome is not in any danger just now of losing its reputation—that, needless to say, of a house of amusement which furnishes a more varied programme than does any other "variety" theatre in town. Its list of performers includes this week the Klein family of acrobats, the Miles-Stavordale Quintette in their "songs without singers" turn, Boswell's delightful miniature circus, the Cottrell-Powell combination of "equestrian artists," Mr. Mendel, the wonderfully clever blind pianist; Staley and Birbeck, with their "transformation musical act"; the Edisonograph, with animated pictures of the international yacht race; and plenty more ingenious and novel entertainers—not to mention the brilliant spectacular effects of the "Redskins" sketch, which may be fairly called one of the marvels of London, and which reached, by the way, last Tuesday evening its one hundredth representation. No, the London Hippodrome has no need to fear its rivals—it is circus, music-hall, and playhouse all in one.

MUSIC.

On Thursday evening, Aug. 27, the most important musical production at the Promenade Concert was the second performance in England of the first two parts of Herr Richard Strauss's symphonic fantasia, "Aus Italien." It is a striking composition—for it brings forward yet once again, early as it is in Herr Strauss's record of compositions, his uncompromising realism and devotion to form—a composition that is austere and original, with not the faintest touch of sensuousness, beautiful only in its fine conception and devotion to truth and reality. It may yet prove that we have to be braced up and educated before we can generally appreciate music of this kind, where very little emotional relief is allowed; but Mr. Henry Wood and his orchestra met at least with an attentive and sympathetic audience. The same evening Mr. Josef Holbrooke played the pianoforte part in the first performance in London of his own composition, a Concerto Dramatique in F minor for pianoforte and orchestra. It is a clever piece of work, but a little lacking in grace.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING'S VISIT
TO AUSTRIA.

Once again King Edward has paid one of those wonderful visits to a fellow-Sovereign which do so much to promote the cause of international amity. On the afternoon of Aug. 31 Vienna was en fête to receive his Britannic Majesty, who had a heartier welcome from the people of the Austrian capital than has been accorded to any Sovereign who has sojourned there for the last generation. When the royal train arrived at the station, the Emperor Francis Joseph welcomed King Edward, who paid the usual compliment of attire to his hosts by wearing the uniform of the Austrian Hussar regiment of which his Majesty is Honorary Colonel. King Edward, who seemed to have benefited greatly by his stay at Marienbad, was in the best of health and spirits, and advanced briskly to meet the aged Emperor. The two Sovereigns embraced and kissed each other most affectionately, and King Edward then greeted the Archdukes and other members of the royal family. As the carriage containing the King and the Emperor emerged from the station into the square, the Viennese, who were assembled in great numbers, opened their friendly demonstrations, which lasted all the way to the Imperial Palace. Within the Palace, at the foot of the Black Eagle Staircase, the Court Marshal received the monarchs, and while King Edward ascended the staircase he met and shook hands with the Archduchess. In the Pietradura Hall the Austrian and Hungarian Ministers and high

to the neighbouring church of St. Etheldreda, which adjoins the Hatfield grounds. The coffin was borne on a wheeled bier, behind which walked Lord and Lady Cranborne, the Earl and Countess of Selborne, the Rev. Lord William Cecil and Lady Florence Cecil, and the other members of the deceased statesman's family. The chief figure among the near relations was that of the Prime Minister. The workmen of the estate bore their master into the church, where the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Suffragan

Port Arthur. These preparations have a sentimental as well as a political interest for us. England is the foster-mother of the Japanese navy. Most of the ships have been built in this country, and the officers and men have been trained under the care of some of the best of our naval commanders. Mr. J. H. Longford, in the *Nineteenth Century*, tells the story of the Japanese sailors, who already have a notable tradition of energy and daring. Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador in London, fought as a naval cadet in the last revolutionary war, and spent a year and a half in prison when the cause of the Shogun was finally overthrown. To-day the Japanese are a united people, and they present, as Russia knows very well, a formidable obstacle to her expansion in the Far East.

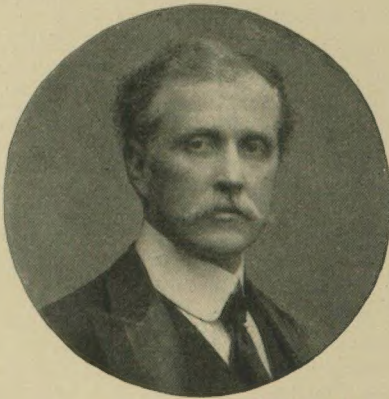


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. J. L. CAREW,
M.P. FOR THE SOUTHERN DIVISION OF MEATH.

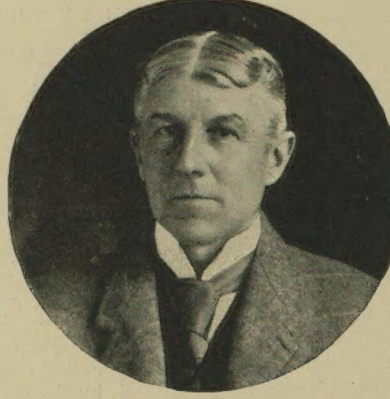


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. J. S. AINSWORTH,
NEW M.P. FOR ARGYLLSHIRE.

ARGYLLSHIRE
ELECTION.

The return of Mr. J. S. Ainsworth for Argyllshire makes the fourteenth bye-election the Government have lost since 1900. The defeat of their candidate is attributed partly to the Education Act, although that does not concern Scotland, and partly to the fiscal question. A Glasgow correspondent of the *Times* recently stated that the opinion in Scotland was sceptical as to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, owing to the general prosperity in that country. In Argyllshire a strong impression seems to have been made by the argument that the new policy would increase the cost of living. Mr. Chamberlain denies this, and is confident that when his proposals are explained in detail, they will be found to promise the working man "full employment at fair wages," and no increase

Bishop of St. Albans conducted the first part of the burial service, which included Lord Salisbury's favourite hymn, "Abide with me." The Hatfield retainers then conveyed the remains to the grave in the family burying-ground, and the Bishop of Rochester pronounced the words of committal. The chief mourners strewed flowers upon the coffin, and for half an hour a long stream of mourners, including the tenantry, filed past the grave, taking a farewell glance at the simple inscription which commemorated a great career. It ran: "Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., G.C.V.O., P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., M.A. Born 3rd February, 1830; died 22nd August, 1903. Aged 73 years." Coincident with the private interment at Hatfield came the solemn service in Westminster Abbey. The King was represented by the Lord Chamberlain, the Queen by Earl de Grey, and the Prince of Wales by Lord Wenlock, other members of the royal family also sending representatives. The presence of Count Bernstorff testified to the respect of the German Emperor, and Count de Lalaing attended for the King of the Belgians. The whole of the Corps Diplomatique occupied places in the stalls, and prominent members of the Government included Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Lord Chief Justice, the Marquess of Londonderry, the Home Secretary, Mr. Brodrick, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Long. The Houses of the Lords and Commons and the political organisations were also largely represented. The Lord Mayor of London, the civic officials of Westminster, and the mayors of twelve metropolitan boroughs were also in attendance at the Abbey in their official capacity. The service was conducted throughout by the Dean of Westminster, and concluded with the hymn, "Abide with me." While the congregation was leaving the Abbey, Mr. Alcock, in the absence of Sir Frederick Bridge, played Chopin's "Funeral March" and Schubert's "Marche Solennelle."



Photo. Horner
DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE UNDER THE HAMMER:
387, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

From the diplomatic manœuvring between Russia and Japan little is to be expected. The Japanese would naturally like a guarantee that Russia will not meddle with Korea. A glance at the map will suggest that the Power which owns Manchuria is not likely to be content with commercial operations on the Yalu River. Russian destiny creeps as surely towards Korea as it does towards Persia. Japan is alert. She is increasing her navy and constructing new dockyards, one of them right opposite

of his household expenses. By some of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters the policy is described not as Protection, but as a change in "the incidence of taxation," which will balance any increase in the cost of bread and meat by remission of duties on tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa. It is further contended that under light imposts the foreign supplies of meat and corn will not diminish, and that the increase of Colonial supplies will tend to keep down prices.

THE EASTERN
TROUBLE.

It is not pleasant to be a Consul in the East just now. Two Russian Consuls have been murdered. The American Consul at Beirut, reported killed, proves to be alive and unhurt; but he was fired at by a wedding party. At Uskub a detachment of Turkish troops poured a volley into the Austrian Consulate, happily without injuring anyone. An American squadron has been ordered to Turkish waters—a very proper measure, but not likely to soothe the feelings of exasperated Moslems. The Turkish Government, as usual, cannot control their own people, civil or military. Mr. Brailsford, in the *Contemporary Review*, gives an account of Hilmi Pasha, the reforming Governor, which shows that he has neither the will nor the capacity to execute reforms. Christians appointed to the gendarmerie are disarmed in the barracks lest their weapons should annoy their Moslem comrades. The villages are under the heels of Turkish guards, who live by gross exactions, diversified

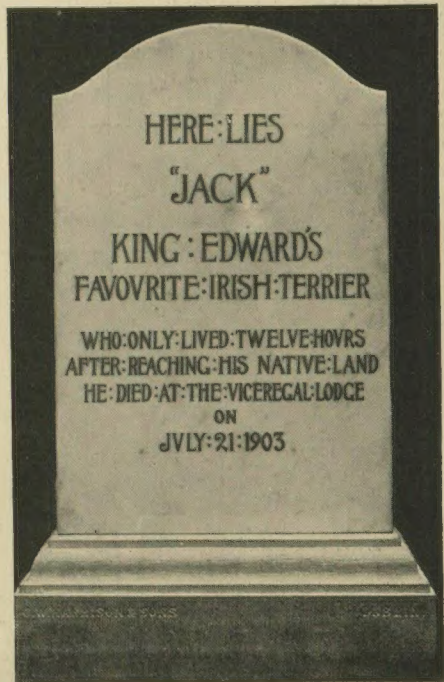


Photo. Lafayette.
THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF KING EDWARD'S
FAVOURITE DOG, "JACK."

Twelve hours after the King's arrival in Ireland, his Majesty had the misfortune to lose his favourite little Irish terrier, "Jack," to which he has erected the tombstone here depicted.

officers of State and Court were presented, and the King then withdrew to his own apartments. At a State dinner in the evening the Emperor Francis Joseph in a cordial speech proposed the health of King Edward, who replied in similar terms, and gave the company a pleasant surprise by announcing that he had created the Emperor a Field-Marshal of the British Army. After the dinner came a reception, at which King Edward still wore his Hussar uniform and the Order of St. Stephen. The Emperor wore the uniform of the 1st (British) Dragoons and the Order of the Garter. On the second day his Majesty entertained the Emperor at the Embassy, and on the third day King Edward took his departure amid the good wishes of the King-Emperor and his people.

LORD SALISBURY'S
FUNERAL.

The obsequies of the late Lord Salisbury presented a curious parallel to those of his famous ancestor, Lord Burleigh, the Minister of Elizabeth. Like Burleigh, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne-Cecil was laid to rest amongst his own people, while the nation paid its last tribute of regret at a solemn service in Westminster Abbey, on the closing day of August 1903, in perfect weather. The remains of Lord Salisbury were borne from Hatfield House, through the Queen's Garden,



TRICK BICYCLING: A NEW "CIRCLE OF DEATH" IN FRANCE.

The bicycle seat here depicted has been inaugurated at Alais. The rider first runs along an elevated track, which leads him into the interior of a cage in the form of an inverted truncated cone, around which he careers at terrific speed, with his body almost horizontal.



Photo. Watt, Dundee.

THE START OF THE GOVERNMENT EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF "THE DISCOVERY": THE RELIEF-SHIP "TERRA NOVA,"
NOW EN ROUTE FOR THE ANTARCTIC.

The "Terra Nova," which sailed on August 27, was fitted out at Dundee under the superintendence of Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich and Lieutenant Shackleton. The present expedition is organised by the Admiralty, as distinct from the Royal Geographical Society, which sent out Captain Scott in the "Discovery."



THE FUNERAL OF LORD SALISBURY, AUGUST 31: THE SCENE AT THE CHURCH OF ST. ETHELDREDA, HATFIELD, SHORTLY BEFORE THE INTERMENT.

The remains of Lord Salisbury were borne from Hatfield House by the late Marquess's retainers to the Church of St. Etheldreda, which adjoins the demesne. After a service, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the interment took place in the family burying-ground of the Cecils.

by outrage and murder. The position of the Macedonian peasantry is intolerable, but it is not ameliorated by the internecine warfare of Bulgarians and Greeks. There is no hope for the country except in European intervention, which would put an end to Turkish rule, and prevent either Bulgarians or Greeks from getting the upper hand. Of this intervention there is unfortunately no sign. It would seem as if Turkey were still urged by some of the Powers to suppress the insurrection at any cost, a policy which would make war with Bulgaria inevitable. The Sultan is massing an overwhelming force, and the fanaticism of his people is rising to white heat.



THE LATE SIGNOR BEIGNANI,
FAMOUS MUSICAL CONDUCTOR.

cated at University College School, and at University and Manchester Colleges, London. Always an active politician, he has twice unsuccessfully contested constituencies—Barrow-in-Furness in 1886 and Argyllshire at the last General Election. He is interested in iron-mining and various other industries in West Cumberland, is Chairman of the Cleaton and Workington Junction Railway Company, and a director of the Whitehaven Joint-Stock Banking Company.

Mr. James Laurence Carew, member of Parliament for the Southern Division of County Meath, who died in Switzerland on Aug. 31, was a constitutional Nationalist of a sound type, and a straightforward, active politician, and as such he is a distinct loss to the Irish party. The tenants of Meath and Kildare will also miss an adviser whose opinion carried weight. Mr. Carew, who was born in 1853, was called to the English Bar in 1878, and soon afterwards showed an interest in politics, an interest which led to his election as Nationalist member for North Kildare. At the time of the "split" in the Irish party he announced himself a Parnellite, and this led to his defeat in 1892 and in 1895. In 1896, however, he was returned unopposed for a seat in the College-Green Division of Dublin. In 1900 a determined and successful effort was made to oust him from his seat, and abuse was hurled at him by all the newspapers and organisations connected with the Anti-Parnellites. It was at this time that he was charged with betraying his country by attending one of Queen Victoria's Courts. Shortly afterwards Mr. Carew was returned for the constituency he held at the time of his death.

Sir Henry Arthur Blake, G.C.M.G., the new Governor of Ceylon, holds at the moment a similar position in Hong-Kong. Born at Limerick in 1840, Sir Henry is the son of a County Inspector of Irish Constabulary, and was himself a cadet in that force in 1859. He has been Governor of the Bahamas and of Newfoundland, and Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica. At the latter post his term of office was twice extended at the request of the Legislature and the public bodies of the island.



SIR HENRY BLAKE,
NEW GOVERNOR OF CEYLON.

Lord Lamington as Governor of Bombay. Charles Wallace A. Napier Cochrane Baillie, second Baron Lamington, was born on July 29, 1860, and succeeded his father thirty years later. Before becoming Governor of Queensland, in 1895, he was for a year Assistant Private Secretary to the late Marquess of Salisbury, and for four years M.P. for North St. Pancras.

Mr. Henry Jeffreys Bushby, who died on Aug. 27 at the age of eighty-three, was for over twenty-five years stipendiary at Worship Street Police Court. Mr. Bushby entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1839, and after some years in India—during which he was for a time Governor-General's Agent for the Rajput States—

returned to England, being called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1851. From 1863 until his appointment as Magistrate at Worship Street in 1870, he was Recorder of Colchester. He married Lady Frances North, a daughter of the sixth Earl of Guilford.

Cavaliere Enrico Modesto Beignani, who was for a quarter of a century conductor at the Covent Garden Opera House, died at Naples on Aug. 31 at the age of sixty-two. In addition to his work at Covent Garden, which he resigned some years ago, Cavaliere Beignani conducted during tours through Russia and in America, and for Queen Victoria. He was born in Naples, and studied at the Conservatoire of his native city, taking the highest honours. He married a niece of the late Madame Tietjens in 1867.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, the latest addition to his Majesty's Opposition, makes his first entry into Parliament as member for Argyllshire. Mr. Ainsworth was born on Jan. 30, 1844, and was edu-

ENGLISH GUNS AT MONT ST. MICHEL.

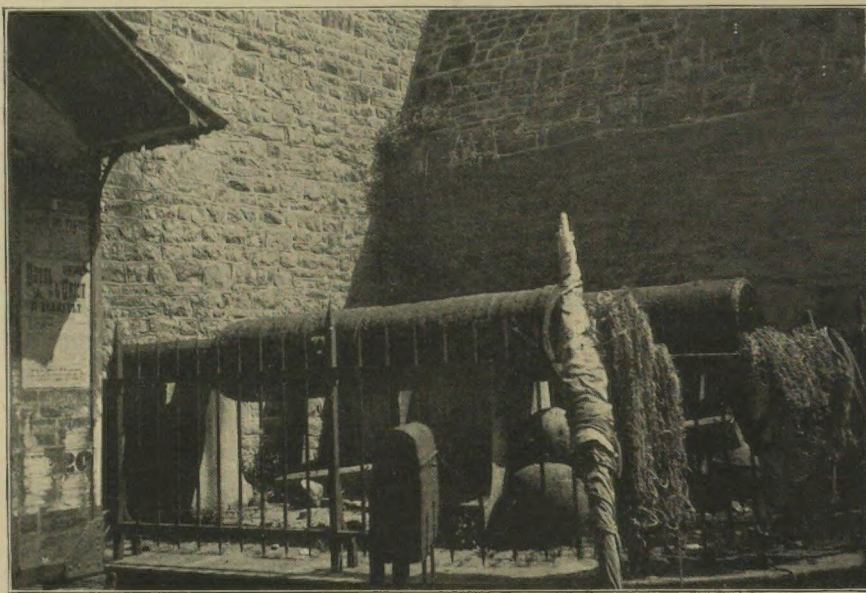
Mont St. Michel in 1427. These weapons, which are styled the Michelets, are built of wrought-iron staves and hoops, and are probably of Flemish origin. When Lord Scates had to abandon the siege, he left these guns behind him. The larger of the two is twelve feet long, and weighs nearly six tons. It has a nineteen-inch bore. The smaller, which weighs just over three tons, is eleven feet nine inches long, and has a fifteen-inch bore. Beside the guns lie several of their granite projectiles.

THE "DISCOVERY" RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The *Discovery* relief expedition undertaken by the Admiralty, as distinct from the Royal Geographical Society, has now completed its preparations, and the ship *Terra Nova*, which has been fitted and provisioned for the work under the superintendence of Lieutenant Shackleton (who with Captain Scott and Dr. Wilson reached the furthest South latitude yet attained by man), has now

The two curious guns in our Illustration are the relics of the formidable battering train with which the English attacked

as distinct from the Royal Geographical Society, has now



A RELIC OF OUR EARLY WARS WITH FRANCE: ENGLISH GUNS AT MONT ST. MICHEL.

sailed for the Southern Hemisphere. The committee in whose hands is placed the administrative work of the relief expedition consists of Vice-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, chairman, Vice-Admiral Sir William Wharton, and Rear-Admiral Boyes. Vice-Admiral Aldrich personally superintended the equipment of the *Terra Nova* at Dundee. The ship is commanded by Captain Harry McKay, an experienced master of whaling-vessels. The *Terra Nova's* first destination is Aden, whither she will be towed by the cruiser *Vindictive*. She will then proceed by means of her own steam and sail to Hobart, where she will join the *Morning*, and both vessels will press on to the relief of the *Discovery*. That gallant craft will, if possible, be released from her ice prison, but should this attempt fail, Captain Scott is under strict orders (brought by the relief-ships) to transfer stores, records, and everything that he considers worth saving to the *Terra Nova* and the *Morning*, and to return home with his crew of explorers.

HOLBEIN'S CHANNEL SWIM.

attempt to swim from Dover to Calais. The weather and the sea were alike perfect, and Mr. Holbein was in splendid form. He kept on bravely from 7 p.m. on Tuesday until 12.10 p.m. on Wednesday, when he was forced by strong adverse currents to give up the struggle. He showed no signs of fatigue, and left the water unassisted.

IS TEA A FOOD?

Nothing is safe from the fiscal inquiry. It invades our hearths and homes, and disturbs our tenderest traditions. Hitherto we have taken tea as a food; but some of the fiscal inquirers insist that it is only a stimulant. What say the multitudes of women who live on tea, who would starve if they were deprived of it? They will be told that they are not fed when they drink tea, that it is only their nervous system which craves for the beverage, that they would be better nourished if they took milk instead. Nobody says milk is a stimulant, save when it is slightly diluted with rum. But will any woman be convinced? You might as well tell a workman that tobacco never can be food. He will

smile, and relate anecdotes of hard times when a pipe has staved off hunger. If tea were suddenly withdrawn from the home, and extra bread-and-butter offered in its stead, would the women be content, or would they fill the market-place with hungry wailing? Tea, drunk to excess, becomes a drug. It is probably responsible for visionary frenzy in some Russian peasants. If Dr. Johnson had not made a practice of drinking seventeen cups of tea at a sitting he might have been less overbearing. But nothing will persuade a truly conservative mind that a quiet cup of tea, unaccompanied, that is to say, by argument on the fiscal question, is not pure nourishment for body and soul.

THE AMERICA CUP.

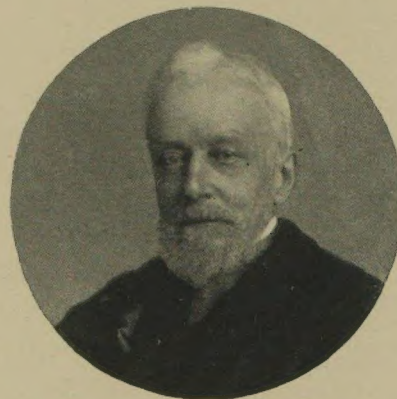
The fourth start of 1903 for the America Cup was made by *Shamrock III.* and *Reliance* on Aug. 31; but this race, like the first of the series, was indecisive. Once again *Shamrock's* captain was out-maneuvred for the start, and *Reliance* seized the windward berth. The race, which was begun in heavy seas, should have been composed of a beat to windward of fifteen miles and a return run to Sandy Hook Lightship. Early in the contest *Shamrock* was outdistanced, and *Reliance* showed that even in rough weather she was the superior boat. After the mark had been rounded the wind fell away, but in the light airs *Shamrock* was even in worse case than before. It soon became evident that the contest could not be finished within the prescribed time, and accordingly the Committee called the race off when *Reliance* was still some hundred yards from the line. The fifth start was postponed on Sept. 1 owing to a calm.

THE KING OF THE CAMELOTS.

Yet another "character" has trodden the streets of Paris for the last time. Napoleon Hayard, Emperor of the Camelots, is dead, and the army of street-vendors whose business it is to turn notable occasions to profit by the sale of topical songs, "button-holes," and commemorative trifles, is without a head. They will find it difficult to replace him. Never was a surer judge of what was likely to be popular, a more successful inventor of "catch lines," a better organiser of "clagues" for the hooting or cheering of would-be Deputies, or a more ingenious engineer of demonstrations. Accompanied by a small army of lieutenants, Napoleon followed President Loubet during his recent visit to England, but met his Waterloo in the words "Move on!" His feelings were wittily expressed in the message he gave to an interviewer before returning home: "Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France! A bas les police!" Many stories are told of his "up-to-dateness." Appropriate verses from his pen were on sale on the day following the election of Pope Pius X., and within twenty-four hours of the disaster on the Paris Metropolitan Railway his men were selling a black-bordered sheet containing four couplets and a specially designed sketch.

THE PANAMA CANAL TREATY.

It is stated in America that British interests, as represented by bondholders of the Suez Canal, are actively at work at Bogota to defeat the Panama treaty. Whether this is or is not the case, the fact remains that at the moment the question still appears far from settlement. The United States will remain passive for the present, as the Spooner Amendment to the Bill did not specify the time within which the alternative route should be chosen in the event of its being found impossible to come to terms with Colombia. Meantime, it is stated from Panama that "the spirit of revolution is gaining force on the Isthmus on account of the rejection of the Canal treaty. It is doubtful that vigorous action will be taken to prevent revolution by the representatives of the Government now here."



THE LATE MR. H. J. BUSHBY,
FORMERLY MAGISTRATE AT WORSHIP STREET.



LORD LAMINGTON,
NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

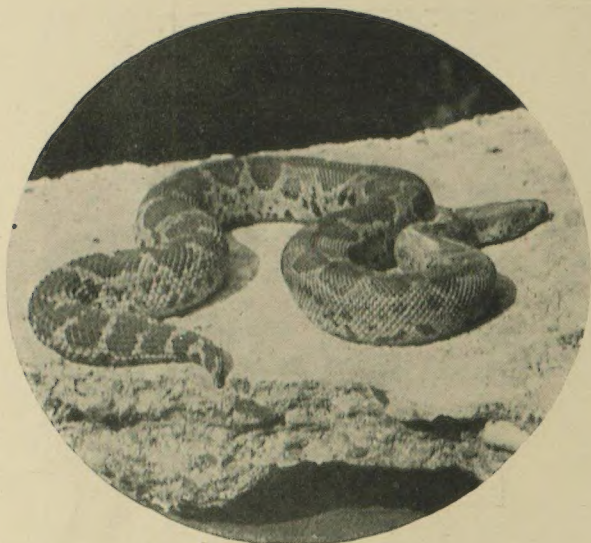
MURDEROUS MILLINERY: THE CAPTURE OF WILD BIRDS FOR FASHIONABLE ADORNMENT.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY AND W. HORTON.

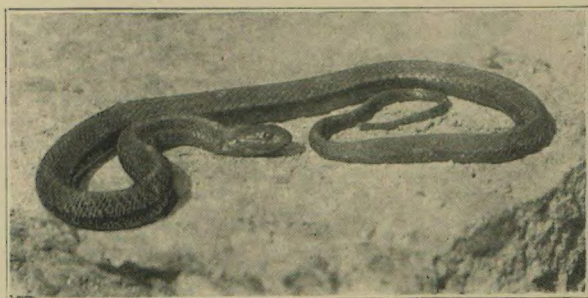


1. THE LESSER SUPERB BIRD-OF-PARADISE OF NEW GUINEA.
1A. THE LITTLE EGRET, THE PLUMAGE OF WHICH FORMERLY SUPPLIED
THE MILITARY AIGRETTE, NOW MADE OF ARTIFICIAL MATERIAL.

2. SHOOTING THE CRESTED GREBE.
3. GATHERING THE EGGS AND DOWN
OF THE EIDER DUCK.



THE CONICAL ERYX.



THE ELEGANT OR GARTER SNAKE.



THE COMMON VIPER.



THE HOG-NOSED SNAKE OF NORTH AMERICA.



THE CHAMELEON LIZARD.



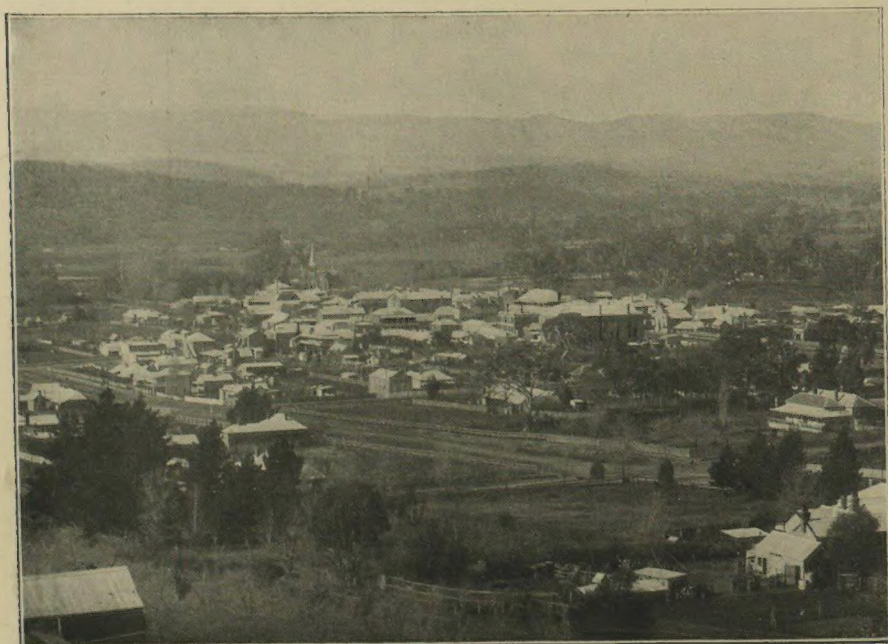
THE BLADDER-FROG.



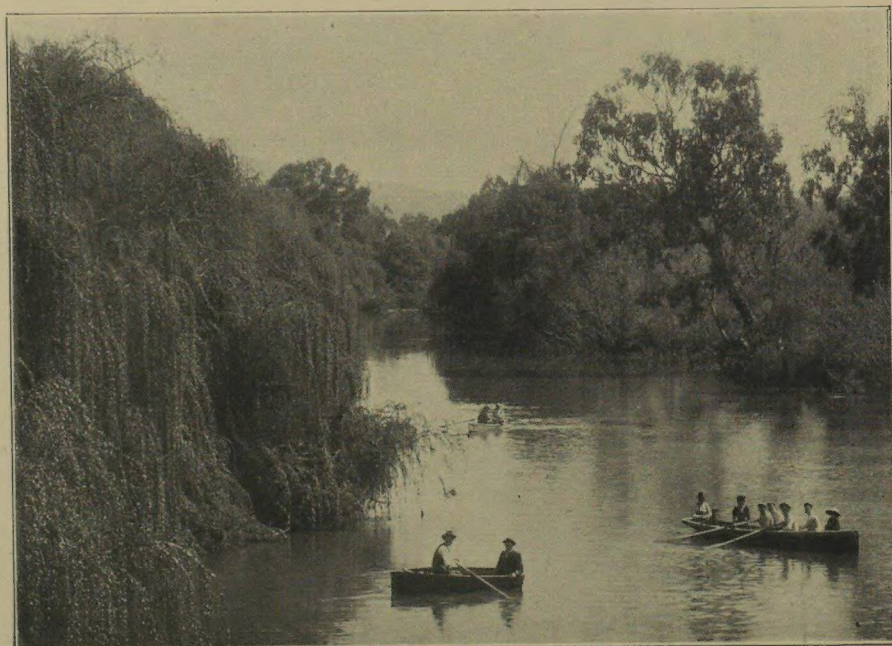
THE LARGE CUBAN ANOLIS.

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE "ZOO": SOME REMARKABLE REPTILES.

The Anolis belongs to the Anolidae, a family of American iguanoidean lizards, which contains many species generally called chameleons, but very unlike the true chameleon. The Hog-Nosed Snake is so called from its flattened head and prominent snout. The Garter Snake is a harmless North American variety with long yellow stripes.



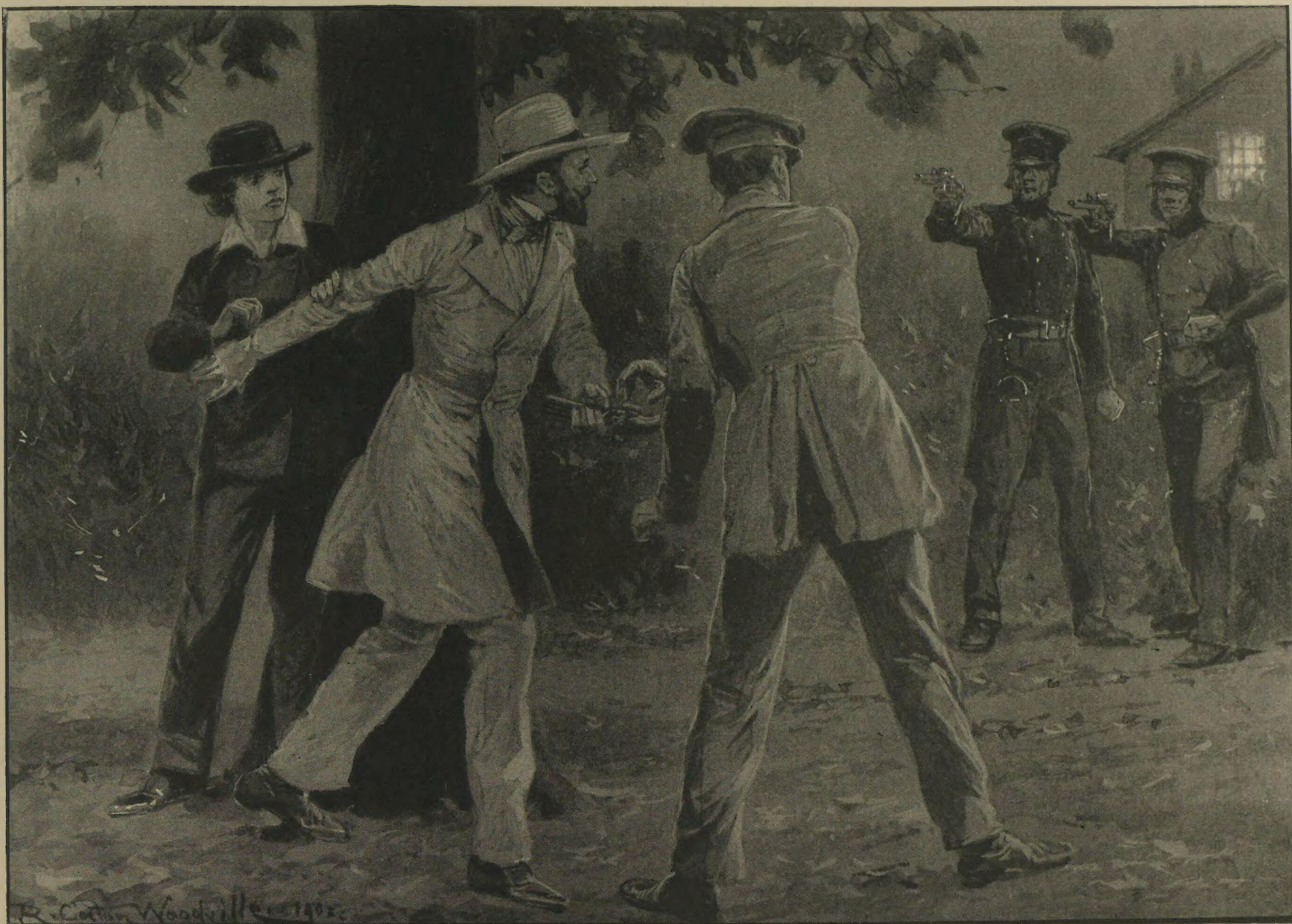
TUMUT, NEW SOUTH WALES.



THE TUMUT RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES.

A PROPOSED SITE FOR THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL CAPITAL.

Tumut is a town in Wynyard County, a rich agricultural district of New South Wales, and is on the river Tumut, which flows into the Murrumbidgee, near Gundagai. It is a hundred miles W.S.W. of Goulburn.



"I arrest you, Captain James Lugard, and those with you."

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"You have done well, Lamont, and have served me faithfully. Now, whilst we are waiting for Miss Adair, let you and me settle up. I have brought the money with me."

This business was soon concluded, and the two men shook hands. Lamont, though an avaricious man, had acted fairly and squarely enough, and Lugard, to show his appreciation of his conduct, added twenty-five guineas over and above the sum agreed upon.

Mrs. Lamont tapped at the door.

"Morgan, the young lady is here."

"Well, you know what to do. Hurry up, woman; time is everything."

Half an hour later, Helen, dressed in a suit of dungaree clothing, such as would be worn by the cabin-boy of a merchant-ship of the period, was ready, and Mrs. Lamont called to Lugard to come into the dining-room. Her beautiful hair had been cut off close to her head, and the Jewess, whose woman's heart was stirred with genuine sympathy, pointed to the thick masses of hair lying on the table, and Lugard saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Please do not cry," said Helen kindly, as, giving one hand to Lugard, she placed the other on Mrs. Lamont's fat arm, "my hair will soon grow again."

"Ah, but it is such lovely hair," said the woman, "and every time I heard the scissors clip, it made my heart ache."

"Here, roll it up in this," said Lugard, giving her his silk handkerchief, "and I will take it with me." He turned to Helen—"May I?"

"If you wish, Captain Lugard," she said softly.

But the handkerchief was too small, and the Jewess, taking off her own silk apron, succeeded in compressing the whole of the dark, shining locks into such a compass that Lugard was able to put it inside the breast of his coat.

"Make haste," cried Lamont impatiently from the next room.

Bidding the Jewess good-bye, Helen and Lugard went out into the passage where Lamont was waiting; a tall, wiry, clean-shaven man was standing beside him.

"This is Sam Cole, your guide, Captain Lugard. He will take you to the Dog and Duck public-house on the Parramatta Road, where the horses are. It is a very rough place, and frequented by the worst characters in Sydney, bond and free; but you and the young lady will not be molested—Cole will see to that—during the short time you will have to remain there. He will have to saddle the horses and take them quietly away to the end of the paddock, from where you can get away unobserved by any of the constables who may be about the Dog and Duck. Montgomery will join you later on. Now that is all. Good-bye, captain; and good-bye, young lady. I wish you every success and a happy termination to your voyage."

Helen and Lugard bade him farewell and followed the guide down the yard to the back entrance, and in a few minutes all three were out in the street, Cole leading the way. He took them through the most unfrequented streets till they were in sight of the Dog and Duck—a small two-storeyed building, from the doorway and windows of which a stream of light was issuing,



HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

and the sounds of music and singing showed that some conviviality was taking place.

The guide uttered an oath. "Curse the thing! We must wait here a bit, Sir. It would never do for you and the young lady to wait at the Dog and Duck whilst I get the horses out. I can see soldiers moving about inside; they belong to the 102nd,

and are about the worst lot of men in Sydney. Once you and the young lady were inside they would want you to drink with them, and if you refused they would pick a quarrel with you, and most likely rob you of everything you possess. I think it will be best for you to wait here, and I'll go on and get the horses. I'll ride one and lead the other two. I hope you can sit a horse, Miss, as we may have to ride hard."

"Have no fear of me," said Helen, "I can sit a horse like a native."

At that moment they were standing under a grove of grey gum-trees which stood a little way back from the Parramatta road, and although the night was starlight they were safe from observation, owing to the shadow of the trees, from anyone passing along the road.

"Well, I'll be off now—" began the guide, when suddenly a voice cried, "Stand, in the King's name!" and two men advanced towards them from a clump of lantana-bushes about thirty yards distant.

"They are constables!" whispered the guide to Lugard; "we're done for, unless—"

"Stand by me," said Lugard quickly. "You take the little one, I'll take the big one. I'll give you fifty pounds."

"Done. It's a hanging matter for me if I'm caught in this business. You must take me with you now, Sir, out of the country."

Lugard slipped his double-barrelled pistol into the guide's hand. "Stun your man with that, I'll manage mine easily enough"; then he pushed Helen behind a tree just as the two men came up. Each man carried a pistol, and a pair of handcuffs hung from each of their belts.

"I arrest you, Captain James Lugard, and those with you," said the bigger man of the two, covering the American with his pistol.

"On what charge?"

"That's not for me to say. You'll find out all about it in the morning. Just put your hands out."

Lugard gave Cole a quick glance, then held out his hands quietly. The constable put his pistol back into his belt, so as to get at the handcuffs, when Lugard sprang at his throat and bore him to the ground, and at the same moment Cole, whose right hand was behind his back, raised it with a lightning speed and dealt the smaller constable a blow on the temple with the butt-end of his pistol. He fell without a sound.

Lugard, with his teeth hard set, was kneeling on the big man's chest, strangling him into insensibility. In a minute or so he rose, panting.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Adair; stay where you are for the present. Cole, is your fellow quiet?"

"He won't move for another hour."

"Gag him with a bit of stick, and tie his hands behind his back, and I'll do the same with this brute. Then we'll drag them over into that clump of bushes and leave them there."

Cole, an emancipated convict, with a deadly hatred of constables, individually and collectively, chuckled with glee, and in a few minutes the two insensible men were securely bound and gagged and dragged into the thick lantana scrub.

Then Lugard and the emancipist consulted as to what should be done, and a decision was soon arrived at.

"Danger or no danger, Sir," said the guide, "I'll go in and get the horses; we can't walk to Botany—at least the young lady could not. It would nearly kill her to get there by two in the morning. Wait here for me. If anything goes wrong and I do not come back in a quarter of an hour, God knows what you and the lady will do."

"Why not let us try and walk?" said Helen; "it is too risky for you to try and get the horses."

"No, Miss; as long as there are no other constables prowling after us, I can saddle the horses and have them here easily in a quarter of an hour. I have a friend at the Dog and Duck who is on the look-out for us, and he will help me to get the horses. And if I can't get them I will come back and we'll foot it to Botany."

Lugard gave him a pull at his flask, and the man set off towards the public-house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Under the dark shadows of the great gum-trees Helen and Lugard waited as patiently as they could for Cole's return. Every now and then a burst of drunken revelry, mingled with oaths and laughter, came from the Dog and Duck, and Helen, almost unconsciously, drew nearer to her companion.

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Adair," he said; "we are not likely to be disturbed by any of that roistering crew over there."

"I am not afraid, Mr. Lugard—that is, I am not afraid of anything that may happen to me personally, but I do hope that nothing will befall our guide. If he is arrested and convicted of being concerned in aiding the escape of convicts, it certainly means his going back to the chain-gang for the rest of his days."

"Poor fellow! He said it meant hanging."

"He clearly thought so, Mr. Lugard; but the horrors of the convict system have lessened somewhat during the past ten years, and offences that were once punished by death are now met by hard labour on the roads or in the quarries. I would prefer to die."

Lugard nodded, and his hand touched hers lightly. "Aye, indeed, Miss Adair. Better for a man to die—to take his own life, even—than to live as I have seen some of those wretched convicts live—if one can call such a dreadful existence living."

"I knew of many cases, Mr. Lugard, where men, heartbroken and despairing of mercy from man or help from God, have deliberately committed a crime that would bring them to the gallows and end their sufferings," she said sadly.

"At Waringa?"

"Ah, no—not at Waringa. Even the most hardened and debased of the prisoners that work in the quarries there knows that he has a protector—not a merciless tyrant and taskmaster—in Captain Lathom. Few people, except the prisoners themselves, know what a brave, unselfish, noble man he is."

"It was fortunate for you, Miss Adair, that you were assigned to such a man."

"Fortunate! I have never thought of him as a master, but as a friend sent by God to inspire me with hope and courage for the future. Very often, when Miss Lathom's contemptuous manner of addressing me has filled me with shame and anger, and brought the tears to my eyes, has Captain Lathom's 'Never mind, Helen, Miss Lathom spoke hastily,' made me go to my room and cry like a little girl. His sympathy meant so much to me, and, indeed, to all the prisoners at Waringa. Yet he can be stern when there is reason for it, though he can never be harsh or unjust, like Mr. Marsbin or Mr. Feilding."

"Miss Lathom is a very beautiful woman—that is, for a fair woman," said Lugard, trying to look into Helen's eyes.

"Very beautiful."

Some words came to Lugard's lips, but he checked himself. That was not the time nor place, he thought, to tell this girl who had crept into his heart that there was no other woman's beauty to compare with hers. He thought of Vincent Hewitt, and was himself again.

"Listen!" Helen placed her hand on his arm and bent forward. "I can hear horses coming—they are trotting. Yes, it is our guide. I can see him. Look over to the right of the clump of lantana bushes."

It was indeed the faithful Cole, who a minute or two later trotted up, leading two horses.

"Let the lady ride that horse," he said, pointing to one of the two he was leading; "he's often carried a side-saddle; and as soon as we are clear of the town I'll fix up a substitute for one; there's no time to do it now."

"I don't mind, Cole," and Helen was in the saddle before Lugard could assist her, and then, without wasting a moment, they set off at a quick walk, the guide leading, and Helen and Lugard riding abreast a few feet behind. Passing the public-house at a distance of a hundred yards or so, they left the road and turned to the left through a paddock strewn with fallen timber.

"This will save us a good two miles," said the guide, "and besides that, we'll be off the main road. We'll find Montgomery waiting for us about a mile on. He's all right, and has a good horse. I took care of that last night; and lucky it is I did, instead of trusting to get one for him from the Dog and Duck. Now, come on, please."

He struck into a smart canter, Helen and Lugard following closely at his heels, and after crossing numerous watercourses and dry gullies, they emerged out upon a small sandy plain covered with grass-trees and stunted honeysuckle. Here Cole pulled up, and then gave a loud whistle. It was answered immediately, and in a few seconds Helen and Lugard were exchanging greetings with Montgomery, who was not only well mounted, but well armed.

"Now, get off for a few minutes, Miss," said the guide to Helen, "and I'll turn that saddle of yours into a side-saddle in no time. We shall have to do some hard riding presently; but whenever we meet anyone on the road you will have to ride 'man fashion' again. It won't do for us to gallop—or even canter—past anyone."

Whilst he was improvising a saddle-horn from a short piece of green wood, and altering Helen's stirrup-leather, Lugard told Montgomery of the encounter with the constables near the Dog and Duck.

"What were the men like, Sir?" asked the Irishman.

Lugard described them as nearly as he could.

"One—the small chap—is one of the regular constables," said Montgomery; "the big man is one of Mr. Feilding's men; and now I come to think of it, I saw both of them hanging about his office yesterday. He must have set them to watch you, Sir; else how should they know your name?"

"Very likely he did, Montgomery. He has a reason to dislike me, I know, but that is no reason why he should send constables to arrest me—unless, as is possible, he may have found out something about the business which brought me to this infernal colony."

Montgomery nodded assent. "That is quite likely, Sir. He is a close friend of Mr. Marsbin, and Mr. Marsbin knows everybody's business. Anyway, I trust we shall be out of his reach, Sir, in a few hours."

As soon as Helen's saddle was ready, the party mounted again, and Cole, leading them on to the wide sandy road, set off at a brisk canter, which was maintained for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Then, when they came to a great reed-covered swamp they pulled up to give the horses a short spell and a drink. As the animals' hoofs splashed into the still water there arose a wild clamour, and the whirr and rush of wings of duck and teal and other water-fowl, as they rose and whirled swiftly away through the blackness of the night to some other retreat, to settle down with a splash and those many pipings and quackings so dear to the heart of the listening sportsman as he hears them in the grey of the morning, ere the red shafts of sunrise have pierced the mists that lie upon river and lake and swamp and sleeping lagoon.

Once more upon the road, which was now so soft and sandy that the horses had to walk for nearly a mile; then came firmer ground as the track led along the margins of a succession of deep water-holes and reedy swamps, the haunt of the soft-calling waterhen and the deadly black snake.

Presently the guide, turning in his saddle, called out to Lugard that there was now no likelihood of their meeting with anyone, as he would shortly strike across the country through the long grass and tea-tree scrub direct for "Cook's Landing-Place"; and so saying, he pulled up and lit his pipe with flint and steel. Montgomery followed suit, and Lugard turned inquiringly to Helen, and smiled as he held up his pipe.

Her dark eyes sparkled as they met his. "Yes, do smoke, Mr. Lugard—or shall I say 'Captain' Lugard? I like to see men smoking. Do you remember poor old Tim at Waringa? Oh! I used to love to watch him cutting up his tobacco and filling and then lighting his old black clay pipe. He used to sit at my feet in the evenings on the bank of the creek, and talk to me of 'the old country'—he is an Irishman, as you no doubt easily discovered the moment he spoke to you—and as he smoked, all the hard lines on his poor, dear old wrinkled face seemed to soften, and sometimes he would laugh—and make me laugh, too—as he would tell me some story of the smugglers in Dundalk Bay, and how they used to set traps for the Revenue officers, and send them off on some wild-goose chase twenty miles away from the spot where they (the smugglers, I mean) really meant to land their ankers of French brandy and kegs of Schiedam. Old Tim did so relish telling me, and I loved to watch the clouds of smoke curling about his head as he sat at my feet with his hands clasped around his knees."

"A pipe certainly is a great comfort, Miss Adair."

"I am sure it is. I have often watched the expression of delight on a prisoner's face when someone has given him a piece of tobacco, and quite often, too, I have seen Captain Lathom, when he was tired and almost worn out with a day's toil, throw himself into a chair on the verandah and light his pipe, and then give such a sigh of satisfaction."

"I daresay he has a pretty weary time of it at Waringa occasionally."

"He is never weary of doing his duty—and more than his duty—Mr. Lugard. It used to make me angry to see that lazy fellow, Lieutenant Willet, lying sprawled out in his hammock under the verandah, imagining he was ill, and Captain Lathom doing his work for him. It used to make Dr. Haldane quite savage, and he once—jocularly, of course—told Captain Lathom that he pampered his second in command as much as he did the convicts in the quarries."

"Dr. Haldane is well liked, is he not?" asked Lugard.

"Yes, indeed; for with all his roughness he is a most lovable man. And I have always liked him from the very first simply because he is Captain Lathom's greatest friend."

She ceased speaking, and for some time they rode together in silence. Then suddenly Sam Cole reined in his horse and pointed to a dark, rounded shape looming before them about a mile away.

"That is the place, Sir, where the boat is to meet us. It looks like a mountain standing by itself on account of the big timber about it. Now, Miss Adair—he turned to Helen with a smile—"all going well, you'll see your father in another hour or two."

She turned to Lugard and tried to speak, but the fast-falling tears choked her utterance, and all she could do was to put out her hand to him in token of her gratitude. For a moment he held it in his; then he raised it to his lips.

Half an hour later they emerged out upon the shore near the foot of a low, well-wooded bluff, at the base of which were huge masses of rock tumbled together in the wildest confusion.

"This is the spot, Sir," said the guide to Lugard, who, jumping off his horse, gave a loud hail—

"*Palmyrans ahoy!*"

"Aye, aye, Sir," was the instant reply. It came from behind a massive boulder of sandstone less than fifty yards away, and was followed by the appearance of several dark figures, one of which was in advance of the others.

"Is that you, Captain Lugard?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Dawson, the second mate."

"All well on board?"

"All well, Sir. Is the young lady here?"

"Yes." And Lugard, after shaking hands with the officer, introduced him to Helen.

"Is my father well, Mr. Dawson?" she asked tremblingly.

"Quite well, Miss, and dying to see you. Captain Carroll had a hard task to make him and Mr. Hewitt stay on board to-night. They both pleaded to be allowed to come with me to meet you. Now, Captain Lugard, I am ready. The boat is just behind this boulder. Come, Miss Adair, your hand."

CHAPTER XXIV.

An hour after daylight the *Palmyra* was well outside Botany Heads, and, with all available canvas set, standing to the north-east, her yards braced up sharp to a gentle but steady breeze.

Pacing to and fro on the clean, white poop deck were the master of the brig, Lugard, and Vincent Hewitt, all smoking their pipes and waiting for their coffee. Carroll, whose giant figure made those of Lugard and Hewitt seem dwarfed beside him, was in high good-humour, and was talking volubly, emphasising his remarks by every now and then placing his huge hands on the shoulders of his companions.

"Well, gentlemen, we have got through all right after all, though we have been a mighty long time over it. Still, that is not your fault, Captain Lugard, so don't think I'm grumbling—for I have no cause for grumbling. And to tell you the exact truth, although I like making money as well as most men, making money on this venture gives me an additional satisfaction, because I feel that I'm taking something out of the Britisher. You see, it's this way: my old dad was a pretty well-to-do man at the time of the last war with Great Britain. He owned five whale-ships, all sailing out of Nantucket, and four out of the five were captured by the Britishers. My poor old mother just gave up life quietly and died under the blow. I was away at the time, sperm-whaling off the Azores, and when I came back home I found only poor mum's grave and a letter from dad telling me that he had taken command of his last ship and gone on a whaling cruise to the Pacific. That ship was never heard of again, but I believe she was cut off by the savages in the Feejee Islands and every man on board massacred. And then another thing that has soured me against Britishers is this: Burrowes, the commander of the brig *Enterprise*, which fought and captured the British brig *Boxer* off the coast of Maine in the last war, was a cousin of mine. He was killed in the fight—so was the captain of the Britisher for that matter—and, naturally enough, I'm not overflowing with lovingkindness towards anything English."

"But there are some very good fellows among them, captain," said Lugard; "Miss Adair, for instance, can tell you how one British soldier tried to make her unhappy lot bearable. They were our enemies; they are now our friends, and may they always remain so!"

"That is a very proper sentiment, Captain Lugard," said Carroll, "but"—he slapped his right fist into his left palm—"there is going to be another turn-up before long. The Britishers want another licking badly, and I reckon that the only nation that can give them that licking is the United States. We have done it twice and can do it again."

Lugard laughed, and then stepped aside to take his coffee from the steward.

"Has Miss Adair turned in yet, steward?" he asked.

"No, Sir," was the reply; "just look down the skylight, and you will see."

Seated on the well-cushioned transom lockers on the starboard side of the wide cabin were Helen and her father. The old man had fallen asleep in his daughter's arms, and his grey head was pillowed against her bosom. Her eyes, shining with love and happiness, were bent upon the worn and haggard face, and her right hand gently stroked the scanty locks. A slight and unintentional movement made by Lugard caused her to look up, and then her dark orbs met his and a smile parted her lips as she raised her hand warningly, and whispered some words which he did not clearly hear.

But when seven bells were struck she came on deck. She had changed her sailor's clothes for a dress of a thin blue material—one of many long before provided for her, at Lugard's request, by Mrs. Lamont—and a wide-brimmed Quito hat shaded her face from the rays of the hot morning sun and concealed the loss of her long dark hair. As she stepped from the companion-way on to the deck, Carroll, his first and second officers, Montgomery, Vincent Hewitt, and Lugard lifted their caps and advanced towards her.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she said, her soft voice trembling with emotion as she held out her hand—first to Carroll, then to the others as they came forward—"my father is asleep on the cushions, and so I have left him for a little while . . . to tell you how I thank, how deeply I . . . my dear father and myself . . . Vincent, speak for me, I cannot," and then came a long-pent-up sob—the sob of physical and mental exhaustion that some dull-minded people call hysteria.

Carroll sprang forward and took both her hands in his.

"Don't say another word, Miss Adair. You are a real brave little lady, and I'm proud to have you on board the *Palmyra*. Now you must come below into my cabin—that is, your cabin, for it is to be yours as long as you and your father remain on board this brig. The steward will bring you your breakfast in a few minutes, and after you have eaten something you must lie down and get some rest."

"Ah, Captain Carroll, don't send me to bed like a little girl. I am sure I cannot sleep. I feel too happy. And

I want to sit beside father, so that when he awakens he will find that I have not deserted him. Vincent—Captain Lugard, please plead for me."

Vincent Hewitt, his face aglow with the love he could not conceal, placed his hand on her shoulder—"I think you should rest, Helen. You will be all the better for it."

"Must I do so, Captain Lugard?"

Lugard swung round on his heel.

"I really cannot presume to advise you, Miss Adair," he said, in such coldly polite tones that Helen flushed deeply, and without another word allowed Captain Carroll to take her below. Why should Lugard, who had always been so kind to her in the past, speak to her like that? she wondered, as she went into Carroll's cabin.

Lugard, leaning over the weather-rail, was thinking deeply, when Vincent Hewitt's voice disturbed his meditations.

"Do you know what are the captain's intentions, Lugard, as regards my uncle, my cousin, Montgomery, and myself? Are we to make the voyage to America in the *Palmyra*?"

"No. It was originally planned—as I told you the first time I met you—that Carroll, for the sum of £1000, was to land you all at Callao, at which port you would have no trouble in getting passages to America, for there is always a homeward-bound American ship or two to be met with either at Callao or Valparaiso. But at this season of the year it would take the *Palmyra* nearly two months, or perhaps more, to get to Callao. She would have to contend with light head winds and calms, and the voyage would be wearisome and distressing. Moreover, in the agreement made with Captain Carroll, he was given the right to pursue his business of whaling whenever opportunity offered of lowering his boats. And although he is to receive another £500—I have already, as you know, given him £500—we must bear in mind that he has been much longer on the coast, waiting for us, than he expected to be, and the £1000 he receives is by no means too handsome a sum when we take into consideration the loss of time he has incurred. He certainly could have filled this brig twice over with sperm oil had he left the coast and cruised in the South Seas, instead of hanging about the Australian shore and killing humpback whales, the oil of which is of much less value than that of the sperm whale."

Hewitt nodded. "So I have heard. What, then, are his plans?"

"He and I discussed the matter this morning, and we have both come to the conclusion that it will be best to proceed to some port in the East Indies—say Batavia—where we are certain to meet with plenty of ships, either British or American, bound to New York or Boston. In fact, it is not unlikely that we may run across one of your uncle Walter's ships somewhere around the Moluccas. He has three in the China trade—I was master of one—and four in the East India trade. If we should be so fortunate I should feel very pleased, for I can see that your uncle John is in a weak state of health, and the *Palmyra* is a very small vessel; so the sooner he can be transferred to a more comfortable and larger ship the better it will be for him."

Carroll came up and joined them. "Well, I've made the young lady eat a little breakfast. Poor little girl! She has held up bravely, but can do so no longer; and once she is asleep we must take care not to disturb her. You must take good care of her, Mr. Hewitt."

"I mean to do so for the rest of her life," replied Hewitt with a smile.

"Ah, indeed! Then you are a lucky man, Sir. A

sweeter girl never trod a ship's deck than Miss Helen Adair. Don't you agree with me, Lugard? I suppose you won't wait till you reach America, Mr. Hewitt? Well, there's plenty of parsons between here and New York—Batavia is full of them. And, besides that, I can marry you if you don't want to wait."

Hewitt laughed. "I can't tell at present, captain. In fact, although I have loved her since we were boy and girl in the old country, and gathered primroses and buttercups together in the County Down countryside, I have never had the chance of asking her to be my wife; and, indeed, God knows I never thought of ever being able to do so. But during all the black years of my convict life she was never absent from my thoughts, and I think she knows I love her well."

He spoke with much deep sincerity and such utter

"Well?" said Carroll interrogatively to the officer.

"Pretty bad, Sir. We can just keep it under and no more. But the men are becoming exhausted."

Carroll nodded. "I know that. I'm afraid we'll have to run for it, eh, Lugard?"

"I'm afraid so, captain. I feel pretty sure by the way the water is coming in that a butt-end has started. But it's a risky thing to run before a sea like this."

"She can do it," said the big captain, adding, with a grim smile, as he indicated the bare, swept decks, "There's nothing to harm even if we do get pooped. That's the beauty of the thing; we have no boats, no deckhouse, no try-works—in fact, nothing to lose; and to tell you the truth, now that we must run, I'm not sorry that our four boats are gone. We could not have taken them inboard, and they would only be carried away, davits and all, five minutes after we put some more canvas on her, and turned our tail to the sea." He paused a moment, and then turned to Dawson.

"Well, we'll run, Mr. Dawson. But where on earth we are going to run to, I'm hanged if I know just yet. Come below, Lugard, and we'll study it out."

They descended the companion-way into the quiet cabin. On one of the transom lockers was Vincent Hewitt, sound asleep, worn out with his exertions at the pumps during that and the previous day. On the other locker was the mate of the brig, also buried in slumber. Too anxious to turn in in his own cabin, he had thrown himself down on the transoms to snatch an hour's sleep.

The door of Carroll's cabin, now occupied by Helen, was open, and as she heard footsteps she came out. Her face was very pale, and the men saw she had been weeping.

"How is Mr. Adair?" said Lugard.

"Very weak, Captain Lugard. But he is awake, and asked me to find out how matters were progressing with the ship."

"Not too well, Miss Adair," said Carroll, as he motioned her to a seat; "but as the weather shows no signs of moderating, I have decided to run before the gale and seek shelter somewhere on the coast. So you can tell Mr. Adair that within twenty-four hours we shall be in smooth water, and he will then be able to have some rest and regain the strength he has lost during the battering about we have had the last few days."

"Thank you very much, Captain Carroll. My father will be pleased"—her voice broke, and then two tears rolled down her cheeks. "He is dying, and he knows it. Only half an hour ago he said to me that he knew he would not live for many days, and that if he were a rich man he would ask you to, if possible, let the

ship touch at some place, even if it were a desert island, where he could be buried in God's earth instead of being consigned to the deep." She tried to smile through her tears. "We are Irish, you know, captain, and—"

Carroll placed his huge hand on hers. "Tell him, my dear, that in less than twenty-four hours he will be on shore, in a tent, with you as nurse, and Captain Jim here and myself as assistant nurses." Then, as he looked into Helen's sad dark eyes, he added softly, "And tell him also that I will come in and see him as soon as Captain Lugard and myself have had a look at this chart."

Helen bent over to him and spoke in a whisper, "How kind you are, Captain Carroll! You will make my poor father's last hours very happy. He knows he is dying, and so do I, and yet he is not afraid of death. But he—and oh! so did I—dreaded the thought of the sea as his last resting-place."

Lugard rose and gently led her to her cabin door. "Try and rest, Miss Adair. It may be that your fears for your father are groundless."

(To be continued.)



"We can just keep it under and no more. But the men are becoming exhausted."

simplicity that even Lugard, whose face, as he listened, was cold and impassive, was moved.

"If you have her love you are indeed a happy man," he said quietly as he turned away and descended to the main deck, oblivious of the fact that eight bells had struck and breakfast was ready.

CHAPTER XXV.

A dull, leaden sky lowered heavily down upon a wild and savage sea, thrashed into seething foam by a fierce easterly gale, that for five days past had smitten the Australian coast from Cape Howe to Great Sandy Island. Hove-to on the port tack was the little *Palmyra*, minus her boats, deckhouse, try-works, and most of her bulwarks.

Standing at the break of the short poop, Carroll was conversing with Lugard, as they looked at the watch, who were toiling at the pumps. Presently Dawson, the second mate, came aft.

THE RISING IN THE BALKANS: SCENES OF THE INSURRECTION.



REVOLUTIONARY CHIEFS ADDRESSING THEIR TROOPS BEFORE AN EXPEDITION.



THE INSURGENTS' USE OF DYNAMITE: THE MANUFACTURE OF BOMBS.

THE RISING IN THE BALKANS THE DISTURBANCES NEAR MONASTIR.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



VILLAGERS LEAVING THEIR HOMES AND FLEEING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

HISTORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The New Nation. By Percy F. Rowland. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d.)

The Royal Navy: A History. By Sir William Laird Clowes. Final Volume. (London: Sampson Low. 25s.)

Imperial India: Letters from the East. By John Oliver Hobbes. (London: Unwin. 1s. and 2s.)

Recollections of a Town Boy at Westminster. By Captain F. Markham. (London: Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

Life and Labour of the People in London. By Charles Booth. Final Volume. (London: Macmillan. 5s. net.)

The World's History: A Survey of Man's Record. Edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Vol. III. (London: Heinemann. 15s.)

"The New Nation" announces itself a sketch of conditions of the Australian Commonwealth. In those chapters which deal with political developments Mr. Rowland is terse and lucid—less so in others. The book appears to have been written round previously published essays—a method unconducive to a symmetrical whole. There is also internal evidence that the observations of his seven years' residence "down under" were made chiefly from State centres, which do not focus all elements of Australian life. Even a sketch of the Commonwealth should show a personal intimacy with the soil and the various types bred upon it. It is the lack of this which makes "The New Nation" insufficient, though interesting. Much might have been said of the Bush life so distinctive of Australia; of the drama of the squatter and the evolution of the free-selector; of mining interests, and of the tropic north, where the pearl fisheries have introduced another race, and where Eastern influences must prove a problem for the Federal Government—one for which Mr. Rowland's suggestion of a Customs Union offers no solution. On social aspects Mr. Rowland has plenty to say, and his remarks on the aping of English manners and ideas as death to originality are pungent. So, too, his strictures on the "gilded flunkey" State Governor, who seems unnecessary with a Crown-appointed Governor-General heading the Commonwealth. But in his criticism of Australian society Mr. Rowland is unfair. Riches are not needed to ensure a welcome. It is, moreover, incorrect to say that Australians do not read, and that whereas there can be no efficient politicians without a State salary, disinterested study is unknown. Books are a principal feature of life on an Australian station; the atmosphere there is more literary than in an ordinary English country house. Mr. Rowland's estimate of the national character is shrewdly put, but he takes a sordid view of Australian ideals.

A melancholy feature of the final volume of Sir William Laird Clowes's monumental work is the author's excuse for the delays that have occurred in its production—"a malady that seldom spares the life of its victim." The volume covers the modern history of our Navy—that is to say, from the year 1857 onward. Civil and Military history are dealt with by Sir William Laird Clowes himself. Space does not admit of a detailed examination; and, perhaps, it may truly be said that such examination would be superfluous. There is no rival history to use as a criterion of excellence, for the simple reason that there exists no other writer competent to deal with the subject that Sir William has made so peculiarly his own. Rather may attention be drawn to the fact that, besides setting forth his matter impartially, the author displays an excellent perspective—too often wanting in the otherwise serious enough histories that exist of certain portions of the period dealt with. The bombardment of Alexandria, for instance, was a great affair in its own day, and many so-called "lessons" have been drawn from it. Sir William is not blind to these lessons, but he places them in their true position. Nowhere, perhaps, is his sense of perspective more marked than in his reference to disasters. Even the account of such a terrible affair as the *Victoria* disaster is carefully condensed to the bare facts, with the author's views following it. Sir William is an apologist for the late Admiral Tryon, and makes out a very good case to show that what Tryon really intended was for the port division to circle *outside* the starboard one. This, of course, shifts the blame on to Admiral Markham. The point is too technical to discuss here, but the author's diagrams certainly indicate how, if Tryon's orders had been implicitly obeyed, the *Camperdown* might have passed outside the ill-fated *Victoria*. The volume is rounded off with Sir Clement Markham's record of voyages and discoveries during the period, and a variety of useful appendices.

The Delhi Durbar was a magnificent spectacle, but in a literary sense has been distinctly uninspiring. Perhaps the official historian of the function will do better than the gifted globe-trotters who have given us their impressions. Mrs. Craigie's descriptive "letters" were doubtless of interest to their recipients—if these favoured individuals are more than a literary convention—but their publication is quite unnecessary. As word-painters the newspaper correspondents excel her, for really the Durbar was uncommonly well reported; while future historians will find in her pages little information that is not recorded elsewhere, with the exception of an appalling catalogue of the amount of food eaten at the Viceregal ball. She does not appear to be particularly well informed about India—though perhaps her printers are to blame for odd mistakes in names—and the bustle of the festivities clearly did not conduce to solid study. There is a good deal of sharp, but not unfair, criticism of the manners of English society; but the remarks on the native Princes are as crudely ill-mannered as the applause with which the globe-trotters greeted their State procession. The chronicler who has wit enough to condemn the latter piece of vulgarity should have abstained from criticisms which suggest that the whole thing was an entertainment got up for the amusement of the Viceroy's guests, instead of a unique political event. Nor is our author happier when she eulogises: a tribute to Lady Curzon is quite in place, but it need not have taken the form of publicly proclaiming that her Excellency does not use cosmetics!

Save, perhaps, as a whetstone to the memory of other Old Westminsters, the "Recollections of a Town Boy at Westminster (1849-1855)" can have but little vogue. Captain Markham, eminently qualified though he is, both by his own and by his family connection with the famous "publique schoole for Grammar, Rhetorick, Poetrie, and for the Latin and Greek Languages," to write upon the subject he has chosen, has neither the literary art nor the sense of humour to make his work entertaining. His book is a mass of those trivialities which, if important enough to the small boy of whose existence they are a part, are but conducive to boredom among his elders, whether they be "grave and reverend seigniors" or but boys of a larger growth. One of the divisions of a paragraph on "Water" is worthy to take rank with the famous chapter "On Snakes in Iceland"—

In describing the boats I will commence with the eight-oars. *Eight-oars* were either the old-fashioned cutter, or the narrower boat with short outrigger at bow and stroke, or the outrigger eight for racing.

Six-oars: We had no six-oars in my time.

Captain Markham would have done well had he studied Charles Lamb's "Christ's Hospital," and adopted it as a model; as it is, his recollections are a striking example of the dullness of memory unenlivened by imagination.

Mr. Booth, like a certain poet, has reared for himself a monument more lasting than brass. In the ages to come "Booth" will be the authority for the social condition of London at the end of the nineteenth and at the beginning of the twentieth century. He himself in his conclusions is careful to explain that his seventeen volumes are not exhaustive; but it may fairly be said that no more laborious or judicial investigator ever went to work. This final volume is a key to the whole, and will materially assist the social observer who desires to make full use of the immense stores laid up for him by Mr. Booth. The careful summaries of this volume give a bird's-eye view of the entire investigation which may serve the purpose of less exacting inquirers. The general impression they leave on the mind is not wholly comforting to those who desire the advancement of the nation. There are too many signs of serious weakness, too many indications that we might easily overestimate the level of our morality and of our religion. Mr. Booth himself hopes that his work may help those who are seeking to better these conditions. Undoubtedly he will encourage them, for his labours show that they are not toiling without result. They will no doubt agree with Mr. Booth that the one thing to work for is the creation, and the deepening where it already exists, of the sense of personal responsibility. That, in reality, is essential to any advance in municipal or national endeavour to meet the social evils so vividly brought out in these volumes. Mr. Booth is not one of those who view with hesitation the advance of democratic self-government. He is aware of its dangers, but hopeful of its progress. He is no less conscious of the value of religious and philanthropic endeavour, although rightly marking the tendency of each unit to magnify its own office. But unless we are mistaken, those organisations will carefully note Mr. Booth's researches, and will benefit by them. Indeed, the whole community is indebted to him for the execution of a gigantic task in a spirit as calm, as judicial, and as patient as the most exacting critic could have desired.

The third volume of the English edition of "The World's History" deals with Western Asia and, nominally, with Africa, in rather more than seven hundred pages. For the first chapter Dr. Hugo Winckler writes of Ancient Nearer Asia, discussing in turn Babylon, Assyria, Media, Phœnicia, Carthage, Palestine, and Arabia before Islam. Dr. Heinrich Schurtz follows, and treats of Mohammedan Western Asia, the rise of Mohammed, the Arabian conquests, the Caliphate and the Crusades, bringing his narrative down to the end of the nineteenth century, and closing his work with a hint concerning German ambitions in the regions whose history he has reviewed. The Doctor then turns his attention to Africa, and sets down what we know of the history of the east, west, and central regions, the Soudan, and Abyssinia. The North of Africa from the Atlantic to Tripoli passes unnoticed. Though his views are coloured by his nationality, the learned writer is not unduly prejudiced. The final chapter in the volume deals with Egypt, ancient and modern, and is written by no less an authority than Carl Niebuhr. The successive narratives are brightened by the inclusion of some very interesting plates and maps, the clear explanation of the subject-matter of illustrations being admirable; but we cannot avoid the thought that in giving the work an English dress the publisher would have been well advised to break up the chapters and sections in a manner more acceptable to the English reader. The present arrangement, so essentially German, makes the volume hard to read, and is to be regretted the more because the writing itself is not too heavy, and the authors offer, to all who will render the time and attention required, an illuminating picture of human progress in remote lands. We learn, perhaps for the first time, how little we know of civilisations that peopled Western Asia and passed; while, so far as Africa is concerned, it seems likely that vast empires have flourished and disappeared, leaving no definite sign that can reach our present development. Highly interesting, too, is the review of Islam, showing as it does the full working of the Mohammedan faith and the extent to which it moulded history in the West of Asia. As is almost inevitable in a work of this description, the third volume of "The World's History" gives a prominence to modern developments that seems at first sight to be quite disproportionate; but the cause is not far to seek. Editor and authors have sought to read modern movement in the light of ancient history, and their review of what has gone before does no more than help them to account for what is passing now and to predicate what the coming years may have in store.

PERPLEXITIES OF LITERARY HISTORY.

Histories of literature are at the best but makeshifts, and there is little satisfaction in any of them. Thomas Wharton succeeded admirably, and it is a pity that by his death it became necessary for an editorial hand to place at the top of the last page of his work the somewhat puzzling title, "Abrupt close of this history of English literature." It is a page-heading to make the reader stare, the more so that it occurs in what purports to be a faithful reprint (even down to the typography) of the first edition. We are so accustomed to take the page-headings as the author's own that this apparently curious piece of self-consciousness on Wharton's part is all the more amazing. But the surprise is only momentary. In due time the reader suspects that editorial hand. Johnson, too, had an acceptable method in this most arduous department of bookmaking; but his task, that of taking the poets individually, presented fewer difficulties than that of the writer who strives to give in compendious form the literary history of a period or, harder still, of a country. We have seen the period attempted with courage, if nothing more, in a three-volume work (not a novel) by Mrs. Oliphant; and the country handled as well, perhaps, as the limitations of space permitted, in a single small volume by Professor Saintsbury. The latter performance runs the risk of being ranged with text-books; indeed, that is the great and abiding hazard in the links of literature. There is a text-book of exceeding small size that comes perilously near being literature as well as literary history; but these are accidents of fortune or of genius. In similar compass and with equal success the story of one of the classical literatures has been compressed into the smallest possible form by the hand best skilled in this kingdom to do so. But even the best of these, as was contended at the outset, are but makeshifts.

More satisfactory, from the point of view of a certain class of student, is the encyclopædic method. Of this Chambers is the great exemplar in English: his lightly systematised extracts, with little other than a chronological link, bring the reader nearer to a relative appreciation of the long succession of authors than the mere compendium which wastes much space in setting forth the historian's view. In dealing with any literature the views of one man are, after all, of light account. The ideal history of literature would be that evolved in the brain of the ideal critic who had read and digested the whole writings of a nation. It need not be set down in connected narrative, it would be sufficient that it should exist as a definite entity in a single brain. But this is, of course, so obviously impossible as to border upon the absurd. Hence we demand that our critics, as nearly ideal as earth can furnish them, shall set us in the way with regard to those departments with which time will not permit us to grapple. And so we are forced back to our makeshifts.

There is, however, a way and a way of writing literary history, or, more properly, the history of literature. Some there are who start from so broad and well-prepared a foundation that their fabric stands four-square to the winds of criticism. Others, less well-furnished, rear only a toppling structure, which betrays cracks and seams and is destined soon to crumble. Their mortar, too, is that of their own idiosyncrasy. At every turn, even although they seek and perhaps tell you in a preface that they would guard against bias, their minor view obscures the major scheme, and a work praise-worthy enough in point of conscientiousness in detail, has to take its place among well-intentioned failures.

If a historian of literature has not gone deep enough at the beginning, he can never escape giving his readers the impression of second-hand. And this is the all-pervading effect of a recent Literary History of Scotland (Unwin), by Mr. J. H. Millar. The author has undoubted qualifications for the task, and in dealing with a period he has already been successful, but the burden of a whole literature oppresses him. For one thing he is to be thanked: his very pointed and proper setting of the "Celtic Revival" delusion in its just light. To the average Southron reader, however, his distinction between the literature of the Lowland Scot and that of John Hielandman will remain an unapprehended mystery; but that is not Mr. Millar's fault. Illumination may, nevertheless, begin to dawn upon the Saxon who cares to bother himself about the ancient feud between the Highlands and the Lowlands (a feud outlasting Harlaw) when he realises that "the Lowlander regards his Highland fellow subject as a barbarian. He indulges in all the familiar jibes about the eccentric speech and clothing, as well as about the predatory instincts, of his neighbour. The Englishman he is prepared to accept as an equal, though a dangerous, insolent, and aggressive equal. But the Highlander he looks upon as an aggressive, or a soring, and in either case an intolerable, inferior. It was not until after the union of the Parliaments at the very earliest that this view underwent any appreciable modification, and the crowning mercy of Culloden alone made it possible to perceive and to relish the romance and picturesqueness latent in Highland modes of life and theories of existence." "With the Celtic literature of the Highlands," continues Mr. Millar, "we have here no concern. Our business is with the literature of the English-speaking Scots." This is admirable, and should set at least a few perplexed minds on the way to a resolution of doubt. For it will be news to some that there is a northern middleman, so to speak, between the Highlander and the Englishman. The syllogism exploding the "Celtic" fallacy is also of its kind excellent, and we commend it to Mr. George Moore, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and their kernes and gallowglasses of the pen.

For the rest, the historian, beginning with Thomas the Rhymer, plods with great pains through early Scots poetry, the golden age, early prose, the Reformation period, the Augustan age, Burns, Scott, and the reviewers down to the Victorian era. He says little that is new, and seriously quotes "McAndrew's Hymn," giving us this grave reference in a foot-note: "Kipling, *Writings*, ed. de luxe, vol. xi. p. 227." Then follows a critical excursus on that sham Scots lyric. For this the time is not ripe.



THE JUMPING COMPETITION: THE DITCH AND BANK.



FIRST PRIZE TANDEM: MR. WERTHEIMER'S HOPWOOD SQUIRREL AND JUBILEE KING.



THE FIRST PRIZE HUNTER, SIR H. DE TRAFFORD'S THE MONK.



THE JUMPING COMPETITION: OVER THE WALL.



THE HUNTERS' STALLS IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW OF 1903: WINNERS AND COMPETITORS



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE NAVY: THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "DOMINION" AT BARROW, AUGUST 25.

The "Dominion," which is a vessel of 16,350 tons, with a speed of 18½ knots, was launched by H.R.H. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll.)



Photo, Gibson.

MOTORS AS FEEDERS OF THE RAILWAY: ONE OF THE NEW HELSTON AND THE LIZARD CARS.

The Great Western Railway have inaugurated a motor-car service in Devonshire in order to render their outlying stations in that district more accessible.



ROMAN REMAINS IN THE PEAK DISTRICT: A CIRCULAR WATCH-TOWER.

The remains recently discovered are those of an extensive military station. The pretorium is clearly discernible. The floor of the guard-room is perfect.



Photo, Banks.

A DOCK FROM A RACECOURSE: A NEW ADJUNCT TO THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL. The new dock has been constructed on the site of the old Manchester Racecourse, the grand stand of which appears in the background.

MR. E. S. WILLARD'S RETURN: THE NEW PIECE AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

DESIGNED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



Filiberta (the Heroine),
Miss Nina Lindsay.

Giovanni, Cardinal de' Medici,
Mr. E. S. Willard.

Claricia de' Medici (the Cardinal's Mother),
Miss Helen Ferrers.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE CARDINAL.

The scene of "The Cardinal" is laid in Rome in 1510, during the Papacy of Julius della Rovere. The play affords a magnificent series of stage pictures, one of the finest of which is here represented. The key-note of the colour-scheme is struck by the gorgeous red robe of the Cardinal.

THE AMERICA CUP: SCENES OF THE 1903 CONTEST.



"SHAMROCK" AND "RELIANCE" MANŒUVRING FOR THE START.

Photo, Grantham Bain.



THE START: "SHAMROCK" FIRST ACROSS THE LINE.

Photo, Pictorial News Co.



"SHAMROCK" LEADING IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE START.

Photo, Burton.



TEN MINUTES AFTER THE START OF THE FIRST RACE: "SHAMROCK" LEADING.

Photo, Grantham Bain.



THE AMERICA CUP CONTEST: "RELIANCE" ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH MADE AT NEW YORK BY MR. SIDNEY S. RICHARD, R.N.R.

The most interesting part of the contest was "Reliance" rounding the mark amidst a roar of whistles from the crowd of accompanying steamers. She carried a breeze right round the mark and came about beautifully, with every stitch of canvas drawing. "Shamrock" had only a light air, and each swell she rose to spilt the wind out of her sails.

THE NATION'S LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO LORD SALISBURY: THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY SERVICE

DESIGNED BY A. J. BURNETT, DRAWN BY H. C. STODOLSKY, AND ENGRAVED BY J. H. BURNETT.



THE SCENE IN THE ABBEY LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR DURING THE READING OF THE LESSON.

The Memorial Service, which took place on August 31, about the time when Lord Salisbury's remains were being committed to the earth at Hatfield, was conducted throughout by the Dean of Westminster. The congregation included representatives of the King and Queen, of the royal family, and of foreign monarchs. The Legislature, the Corps Diplomatique, and public bodies were also fully represented.



THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON: FLANKING THE PACK INTO THE GUNS.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

When the pack of grouse is going in the wrong direction, the birds are frequently turned towards the guns by an outlying line of beaters with flags.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT HANDS.

The other day I came across a reference to that old Bridgewater treatise on the hand. Like its compeers, this work had the most laudable aim of settling the Divine origin of the human species by a reference to the perfect adaptation of the hand to all the wants of man. Here, as in the case of the famous argument of Paley, everything was regarded as designed for the purpose for which it was used. Modern science attains to a like result by a different road. An organ has come to be what it is, not because it began its existence as a perfect part, but in virtue of its gradual adaptation to the functions it exercises. Just as Paley's watch was the outcome of a long development and of improvement in timekeepers, so man's hand evidently represents the last or latest term in many hand-evolutions. This latter belief does not ignore necessarily any argument of the "design" nature. The "Reign of Law" applies here as elsewhere in nature; and the fact that man possesses a very perfect hand only testifies to the excellence of the arrangements whereby, from lower and less perfect states of life and structure, man has come literally to rejoice in his handiworks.

This hand question is more complex than it might appear to be to the casual observer. Sir Charles Bell said we ought to define the hand as an exclusive human possession. I have often wondered at this declaration, for that famous anatomist must have known that practically all backboneed animals possess "hands." In the paired fins of fishes—which are their limbs—the hand may be ill-defined, but when we rise above them and reach the frogs, the hand parts are very much in evidence. Reptiles exhibit hands by no means of low degree, as anyone who has watched the movements of a chameleon will attest. Birds' hands are useless. They do not require such a structure, or, to be more accurate, their arm or wing is all-subservient to the function of flight. My parrot uses his foot and his beak as a hand, and very efficient instruments they are, for he holds his nut very aptly and easily with his toes, and contrives to pick out its kernel with dexterity. But if I dissect his wing I shall find a hand represented in the bones of his arm. There will be a thumb and also two fingers, these last joined together, all massed in the wing, so as to constitute it an effective aerial oar.

The paddle of the whale, to come to our own class, ends in a distinct hand; but, like that of the bird, it is enveloped in skin and muscle, so as to make an effective fin. It is not only in the matter of a hand, be it remembered, that we find a general type or build in the limbs of backboneed animals. The similarity extends to the whole limb, and indeed to the entire skeleton. It is not surprising, therefore, to discover that, as all these limbs (and bodies likewise) are constructed on one common plan, the hand should agree in its conformity to the general type. Facts of this kind take no denial. They constitute proofs, of exact nature, that our own structure and that of all our lower neighbours present us with evolutions from a common type; only in man's case the modification has reached its highest excellence.

No better illustration of the fact that all "hands" have been derived from a common type can be found than is represented in the case of the horse. This is a much modified quadruped. It walks on one finger and one toe, the third or middle digit. All its other toes have nearly disappeared. In addition to the big third toe—the hoof of which is the highly developed nail—the horse possesses rudiments of its second and fourth toes in the shape of two "splint" bones, which lie alongside the palm-bone of the third. If we trace the pedigree of the horse backwards in time, as revealed to us by a very complete series of fossil horses, we find the "splints" dangling by the side of the leg as "dew-claws." Then, backwards still, we get these second and fourth toes touching the ground. In this stage of its ancestry the horse was a three-toed quadruped. Earlier still it had four toes, and finally we get to a five-toed ancestor. There is no doubt about this matter, for we have the fossils to appeal to by way of proof. Therefore, here we have an example of how evolution acts in providing us with a one-fingered hand out of a five-fingered one; and the horse has become the fleet animal it is, largely by reason of the change.

In the hand of man we have the five-fingered type, modified specially for his own use. His thumb is much more mobile than that of any ape. He can throw it easily into the palm so as to oppose it to the other fingers, singly or together, and thus grasp firmly or lightly, and execute all the other actions associated with his ways and works, be they great or small. None the less, however, is man's hand an evolution. He has the same bones seen in lower forms, and, what is more to the point, he may now and then give us a hint of his evolution in respect of the development of certain parts which, unusual in humanity, are yet common in certain phases of lower life. Thus, in his wrist he has eight bones—there are only seven in the horse's "knee," which, of course, is really its wrist. But sometimes man shows a ninth wrist-bone as a distinct element in this part of his frame. This extra bone appears in him in precisely the same situation in which it is developed naturally in the wrist of the orang, the gibbon, and other apes, and also in that of many rodent animals and insectivora like the moles.

This, again, is a demonstration of the common type, that type of which Tennyson says nature is so careful. The glory of it all is that, however we have attained to the dignity of the most perfect hand, it is our own exclusive possession. Like our heel-bone, which is more prominent than that of any other animal, having regard to the size of body and foot, the hand is a structure which may well be regarded with deep interest as a mark of man's high estate.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W BIDDLE (Stratford).—Problem to hand, with thanks. It shall receive attention.

P DALY (Brighton).—Please send the amended version on a diagram.

D PIRNIE (Scarborough).—We fear your problem has gone astray. Kindly send another diagram.

V E K (India).—Your contributions are much too elementary. Compare them with any published positions.

T N S (Bristol).—There is no solution the way you propose to No. 3092. If 1. Q to B 2nd, the reply is 1. P to K 4th.

J W BARTON.—Your variation is unsound. You overlook the effect of Rook checking on the second move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3088 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3092 from Frank W Atchinson, H S Brandreth (Bernese Oberland); of No. 3093 from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Charles Burnett, T Roberts, George Fisher (Belfast), William Miller (Cork), T N S (Bristol), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), H S Brandreth, and Eugene Henry (Lewisham); of No. 3094 from F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), B O Clark (Wolverhampton), A G (Pancsova), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Albert Wolff (Putney), T Roberts, H Walters (Plumstead), T N S (Bristol), Thomas H Knight (Greenwich), W D Easton (Sunderland), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

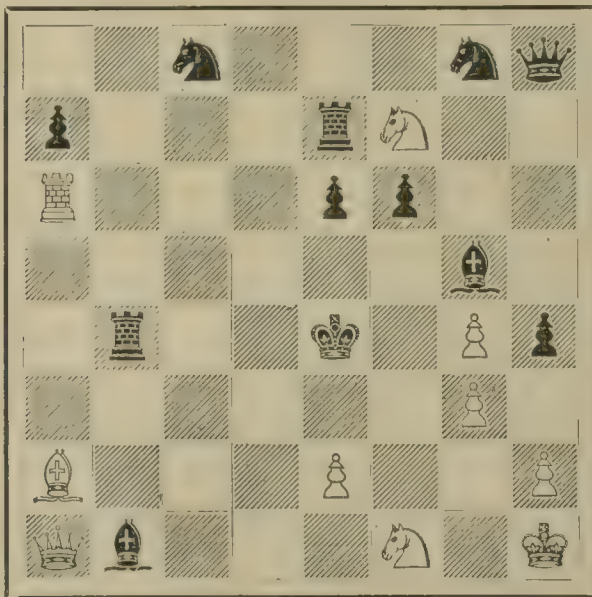
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3095 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), F J S (Hampstead), L Desanges, Charles Burnett, F J Moore (Southsea), T Roberts, Reginald Gordon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Martin F, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), A Handford, and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3094.—By W. A. CLARK.

1. Kt to Q 3rd is the author's solution, but 1. Q to Kt 6th (ch) yields another.

PROBLEM No. 3097.—By A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

By V. KOSEK (Bohemia).

White: K at Q 2nd, Q at K 7th, R at Q 5th, Kt at Q Kt 8th, B at K B 2nd, P at Q Kt 5th.

Black: K at Q R 4th, Q at K sq, Kt at Q R sq, Ps at Q B 2nd and Q R 5th. White mates in two moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. MARSHALL and MIESES.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Marshall).	BLACK (Mr. Mieses).	WHITE (Mr. Marshall).	BLACK (Mr. Mieses).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. R to K 6th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	23. R to K 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. K R to K sq	R to Q Kt sq
4. P to K 5th	Kt to R 4th	25. R to K 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. R takes P	R to K B sq
6. B to B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	27. R to K 6th (ch)	R to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	28. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
8. Q to K 2nd	B to Q Kt 5th	29. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 4th
9. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 2nd	30. P to K R 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
10. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	31. R to Kt 6th (ch)	R to B 3rd
11. P to Q 6th	Q takes P	32. R to Kt 5th	P to R 5th
12. B takes P (ch)		33. P to B 4th	Kt to K 6th
		34. R to Q R 5th	R to B 5th
		35. R takes P	P to B 4th
		36. R to K Kt 7th	K to K 4th
		37. P to B 3rd	Kt takes B P
		38. R to Kt 4th (ch)	K to Q 3rd
		39. R to Kt 4th	R takes R
		40. P takes R	Kt to Kt 7th
		41. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 8th
		42. P to B 4th	Kt to K 6th
		43. P to Kt 5th	Kt to B 4th
		44. P to R 4th	K to K 2nd
		45. K to R 2nd	K to B 2nd
		46. K to R 3rd	K to Kt 3rd
		47. K to Kt 4th	Kt to K 6th (ch)
		48. K takes P	Kt takes P (ch)
		49. K to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 6th
		50. K to B 4th	Kt to Kt 7th (ch)
		51. K to K 5th	Resigns.

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OFFICIALS ON OFFICIALDOM.

After the war, the reckoning. This is presented to a patient but long expectant public in the form of some 1500 pages of closely printed matter, embodying the Report of the Earl of Elgin's Commission on the conduct of the late South African Campaign. Taken as a whole, it is not a satisfactory volume, or one that the nation is justly entitled to. There is not enough plain speaking in it; something more is wanted than mere invertebrate expressions of opinion, when the vast importance of the questions dealt with is considered. The main points for elucidation were, roughly speaking, two only. Of these the first was, Who was responsible for the country's unpreparedness on the outbreak of hostilities? and the second was, How can the recurrence of such a state of things be prevented in future? Anything more than a half-hearted attempt to answer either of these questions will be looked for in vain throughout the length and breadth of the whole Report. It is true that here and there some deprecatory remarks are interjected at the expense of Lord Wolseley. They are, however, quite illogical, and are not even borne out by the evidence submitted to the members of the Commission, which clearly shows that the ex-Commander-in-Chief repeatedly warned his colleagues of the fool's paradise they were living in. He also pointed out the exact spot on the map where the danger was most imminent.

On the other matters falling within the scope of the inquiry the Commission have little to say that makes pleasant reading. Incredible though the statement sounds, no definite plan of campaign seems to have been formulated at any period. Pall Mall was content to "muddle through," and on this account, presumably, regiments were dispatched to the front with inadequate stores, and ammunition issued for guns that it would not fit. It is little consolation to find that coincident with the occurrence of "regrettable incidents" War Office officials were concentrating their energies on determining the exact amount of space that should intervene between the buttons of a private's tunic.

The work of the Intelligence Department is one of the few matters which have emerged creditably from the ordeal of the Commission's examination. A high tribute, indeed, is very justly paid to the memorandum on the subject which Sir John Ardagh drew up three years before the outbreak of hostilities. Major Altham, who served under him, also pointed out very clearly that the Boers were making preparations to break the armed truce at any moment. It is a striking commentary on the way that military affairs were mismanaged at the time to learn that these reports, instead of coming to Lord Lansdowne direct, were submitted to him through the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain certainly appreciated their gravity, but, owing to the unfortunate lack of harmony which prevailed at the time between the Cabinet and the War Office, the circumstance did not prove of much avail. Talk, rather than action, seems to have been the weapon in which most reliance was placed. The result was that when the first shots were fired, our armed strength in the field was totally insufficient to cope with the enemy. For want of the men and matériel asked for months earlier, the nation had to face the evacuation of Dundee and the siege of Ladysmith, together with the prolongation into three years of hostilities which might have been compressed into three months. In any other country but England, someone would have been hanged for this promptly.

As indicating the desperate straits to which we were reduced in these early days of the campaign, it may be mentioned that the evidence adduced before the Commission actually shows that guns required for the defence of Plymouth had to be sent to South Africa, while the reserve supply of ammunition fell at one time to a paltry 200 rounds per field-gun. At the same date, too, there was not enough spare harness in stock to equip five batteries of artillery.

In a striking passage of the Report the most obvious lesson derived from our conduct of the campaign is declared to be "that no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the regular forces of the Crown." A number of recommendations are put forward for preventing the recurrence of our old mistakes in future, but these are for the most part empirical rather than practical. The soundest of them advocates the abolition of the Commander-in-Chief's office and the substitution for it of a military Board on the lines of the Admiralty. Something a good deal more drastic than this, however, is required if the co-ordination of the War Office as a whole is to be properly effected. As the Commissioners say with truth in their final observations, "a system of water-tight-compartments will not apply to an army which depends on voluntary enlistment, and where, owing to the necessity for providing for reliefs, there is a constant change of units."

The minutes of evidence, together with the appendices to the same, which are issued as companion volumes, are no less important. They are, however, so lengthy that their mere existence can only be noted just now. Perhaps the most interesting fact they reveal is that, although nearly two hundred and fifty counts of inquiry were held up to the beginning of June 1900 on some hundreds of officers and men who surrendered or were taken prisoners, in three cases only was a verdict of "not exonerated" returned. A proposal that the more severe ordeal of trial by court-martial should deal in future with any officer who sustains a reverse on active service forms the subject of a special minute by Lord Roberts.

There has been some surprise expressed in certain quarters that the Report is practically dumb on the causes leading to the principal reverses sustained by our arms during the campaign. The criticism is uncalled for, since the members of the Commission were not, as they themselves very properly point out, qualified to pronounce judgment on questions of strategy. In addition to this, these matters had already been definitely pronounced upon by superior military authority. To have returned to them, accordingly, would have been but to go over old ground again.

HORACE WYNDHAM.

THE GROCERY AND ALLIED TRADES EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



HUMOURS OF EASTERN AND WESTERN GROCERY.

The Exhibition, which is representative of home and foreign trade in food-stuffs, was opened on August 28.

THE LATEST CHANNEL TURBINE.

The latest connecting-link between England and France is to be seen in the new turbine-steamers *Brighton*, which Messrs. William Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton, have just delivered to the London, Brighton, and

the first-class accommodation is placed forward of the engines and boilers. The dining-saloon, on the main deck, is fitted with dull polished oak carved in Elizabethan style, and is provided with a number of separate small tables. On the promenade-deck, which

Hon. C. Parsons, whose genius has completely revolutionised the problem of high-speed marine engines. The main engines of the *Brighton* consist of three separate turbines, each driving its own line of shafting and propeller. On this boat, however, the passenger



Photo. Whiteford, Rothesay.

THE LATEST-BUILT TURBINE STEAMER FOR THE LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY COMPANY'S CHANNEL SERVICE: THE "BRIGHTON."

South Coast Railway for use on the Newhaven and Dieppe service, which that company runs in partnership with the Western of France Company. This line was the first to introduce fast twin-screw steamers for cross-Channel purposes, as being safer and offering better accommodation than the old type of paddle-boats. The latest addition to the fleet is fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, and, as is now usual,

runs the whole length of the ship, are a large first-class smoking-saloon, a handsomely decorated ladies' boudoir, and a number of private state-rooms. On the after part of the main deck ample provision is made for second-class passengers, including separate saloons for ladies and gentlemen and a smoking-room. The usual triple-expansion engines are replaced by turbine machinery on the latest improved plan, designed by the

will hardly be aware of anything in the nature of engines, owing to a total absence of vibration and to the machinery not being in evidence either to the visual or olfactory nerves. The new steamer is outwardly very like her predecessor, the *Arundel*; is 282 ft. long, 34 ft. broad, and of about 1100 tons register. She has already developed a speed of over twenty-one knots, and has proved a steady sea-boat.

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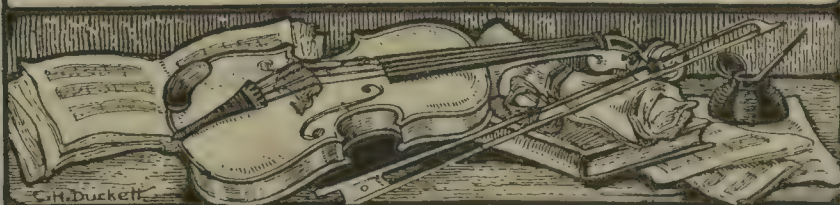
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LADIES' PAGES

It is very satisfactory to know that by the muzzling order, combined with the stringent regulations about quarantine enforced on everybody bringing dogs to England, hydrophobia has been absolutely stamped out of these islands. It never was at all a frequent idisease; during half a century, the deaths from it never amounted to more than an average of about thirty annually in the whole kingdom. The establishment of the Pasteur Institute in Paris produced no effect on our average death-rate, though a large number of British persons who had been bitten by dogs availed themselves of Pasteur's treatment; but our death-rate merely became slightly increased after the establishment of Pasteur Institutes, as also did that of the only part of France in which returns of death-causes for a long period are available—namely, the Department of the Seine. Within the last month a number of Italian physicians have demanded an inquiry into the working of Pasteur Institutes, being instigated to do so by the death of several persons from the bite of one dog after the whole of the victims had received the Pasteur applications. Thus, it is so absolutely incurable a disease once it develops, and death from hydrophobia is so very dreadful, that we ought to be content to have endured a good deal of annoyance for the result attained—the eradication of it from the list of our Registrar-General's causes of death.

It seems now clear, too, that it will not re-arise spontaneously, but is only spread by infection, so that if no rabid dog enters the British Isles we shall not hear again of any human being dying here in the tortures of the disease. This really ought to reconcile us to the rules of the Board of Trade, that have been so irritating to many women dog-fanciers, about the quarantine of the canine race before entrance here from abroad. As we know, the regulations have been excessively unpopular, especially with the owners of the tiny pet dogs that are never out of their mistresses' personal care, shut up in her bed-room or drawing-room when not in her arms in the carriage or led by her in the street for exercise. Hence the promise made by Mr. Long, just before Parliament rose, to consider whether the regulations cannot be somewhat relaxed will be welcomed. If it should be found possible even to allow three months' quarantine in the owner's personal charge, instead of the present extremely severe rule of six months' separation of the owner from the pet, the concession would remove much bitterness of feeling and language.

Bulldogs, not only the rather incongruous toys, but the genuine, huge, "beautiful uglies," are quite ladies' dogs nowadays; so much so that at a recent open exhibition the first three prizes all fell to women owners of "bullies." They well deserve the distinction, for they have what most women appreciate—strength, and even



A GOWN FOR THE MOORS.

brutal ferocity at command for the outer world when needed, combined with unfailing tender gentleness for the loved ones at home. My earliest dog friend was a "bullie" of most savage reputation; but he was absolutely safe for the little girl he liked. He used to save up bones for me; when I came, he would march into his kennel and produce the horrid treasure, and lay it before me, with much wagging of his stump of a tail. Once he had inflamed eyes, and he would allow me, and nobody else, to bathe them with the lotion that made them smart and burn. Dear old ugly—he taught me how good a ladies' (and children's) dog the "bullie" is—with his fine mixture of generosity and ferociousness. At the Ladies' Kennel Association shows, bloodhounds, mastiffs, and collies are shown in good numbers by women owners, as well as the smaller dogs generally thought to be ladies' pets. By the way, this Association has applied, through Lady Aberdeen, the President, to be incorporated by Royal Charter, but the application is likely to be opposed, on the ground that the Association is in debt. Under such a President, however, means will no doubt be found of clearing off this inheritance from less capable past management.

Not many decorations and honours are given to women in their own right, so that the fact revived in my memory by the death of the late Pope, that he gave Papal titles to at least three ladies, is worth noting down. Two of the "Baronesses" created by his Holiness were famous for their philanthropy; but the third was an artist, an American. She painted one of the best portraits ever executed of the late Pope; and it was in appreciation of this work that she was made "Baroness" Wentworth. She also has the honour of a fine picture from her brush being hung in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris.

Wealthy and extravagant women part at once with the habiliments of the past season, even though they have been scarcely worn. This supports trade, and if the rich owners are kindly and considerate enough to pass on the raiment to those individuals or families where the clothing required to keep up an appearance is hard to achieve, no harm and some good is done all round. I remember one woman of family and education, but self-dependent and therefore poor (for few indeed are the women who succeed in making a good income), saying ruefully once in my hearing: "I find it easy to 'take no thought' of what I shall eat and what I shall drink; but the 'wherewithal I shall be clothed' is a permanent source of fidget to me." There exists a special organisation to distribute good, scarcely worn clothing donated by rich men and women amongst the families of the poor clergy; and Mrs. Carson is always thankful to receive even the smartest of evening gowns to put in the store-room of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, from which actresses long out of an engagement, perhaps

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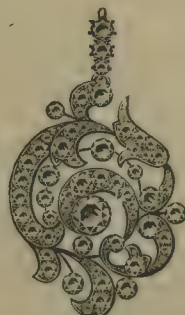
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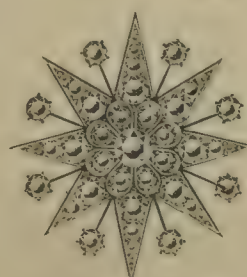
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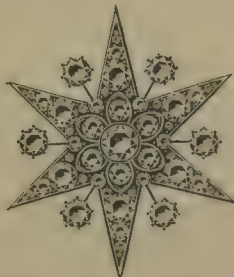
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recovering from illness, may be fitted out immediately for any part that has been suddenly offered to them by a manager, and that else they might not be able to accept from lack of stage wardrobe. Then there is the well-known Ladies' Needlework Guild, which does not take worn clothing in general, but to which the King usually orders a parcel of garments for men to be sent annually for exceptional cases. So anybody who has not private knowledge of a family in which the gift of slightly worn clothing would be gladly received as each season slips away, can present it to one of these distributing organisations of charity. But it is more satisfactory, perhaps, to give where one knows and can see that the present is appreciated; and, really, genteel poverty is so very frequent—so many people are practically compelled by their social position to live at the margin of a small income—that a gift, prettily and graciously offered, of a gown, or a hat, or a wrap, would often be found to be actually most acceptable where independence and proper pride would quite preclude any notion of accepting charity in the ordinary sense of the term. But of course it must be gracefully and tactfully done. "I think this hat would suit you, dear; nobody down here has seen me in it. Would you care to see how you look in it?" Or, "Here is such a snug cloak; I believe it would be the very thing to wrap round you when you are visiting your poor. Might I hand it over to you, as I have got another so much like it I really do not need both." The rich woman often little understands the heartfelt gratitude earned by such a gift.

For many mothers of families, however, the problem is not to whom to give scarce-worn clothes from last season, but how to make them useful by bringing them up to date for home consumption. When the fashions change so completely that this cannot be satisfactorily done, there is sadness, balanced by the triumphs of a successful wrestling with the problem. This autumn there will not be great difficulty in adapting the gowns of the spring to present wear. In tailor-made dresses the sleeves will remain comparatively simple. If there were any fullness at the top of the sleeve it must be abolished, and a strap of trimming laid down the shoulder-seam to give the flat, long-shouldered look that is fashionable. Then, of course, the same trimming



LADY RIDGEWAY LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL EYE HOSPITAL AT COLOMBO, CEYLON.

The institution, which will prove an incalculable boon to Ceylon, has been founded mainly by the efforts of Lady Ridgeway, who laid the memorial stone on August 6.

would have to be repeated elsewhere; and the long, narrow stole-ends that are characteristic of the present style at once suggest themselves as being the very thing. For some designs, the flat abbé band for the neck, placed at the two sides of the front line of the bodice, and only falling about eight inches deep, with a collar-band of the same galon or of fancy silk, is to be preferred. If the sleeves should seem too small below the elbow, where fullness is now indispensable to some extent, it is not difficult to arrange this satisfactorily by making a deep, close-fitting cuff covered with the material chosen for the new trimming, and puffing the piece of sleeve thus released just below the elbow so that it can be set into this wide cuff-band. For the more dressy order of gowns, what a resource is found in the wide lace collars that are so fashionable, and will for the present remain fashionable! One of the new sort of deep waistbelts of folded silk, placed instead of a narrow

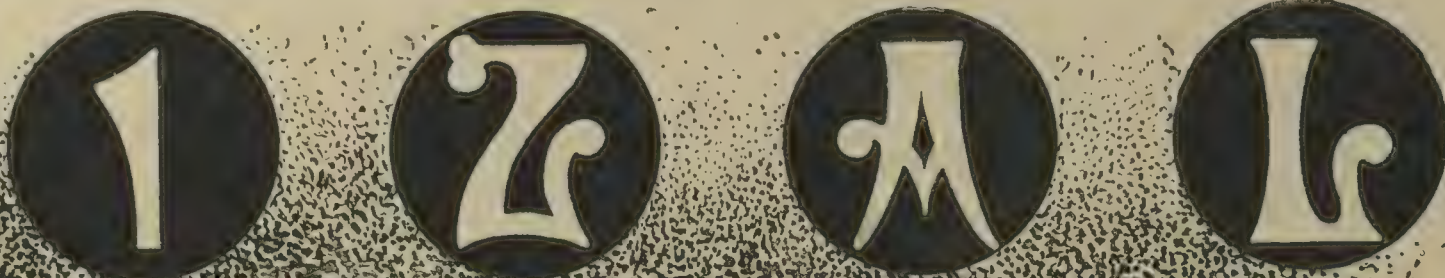
leather is as supple and soft as a kid glove, and therefore entirely pleasant to wear. The useful Tam-o'-shanter has the inevitable eagle's feather fixed on by a leather rosette. Made shorter, this gown would answer admirably for salmon-fishing.

A fresh industry for Ireland is becoming well established—that of hand-woven rugs and carpets. This is a comparatively new hand-loom industry, and its manufactures are universally admired for their high quality, and an artistic colouring which readily appeals to the eye and suits the taste of the highest-class purchasers. A fillip to the industry in County Antrim has been given by a very large order for carpets and rugs placed by Lady Faudel-Phillips in the hands of Messrs. Hamilton and Co., of the White House, Portrush, whose extensive dealings in this particular line have placed them in the forefront of the Irish trade. FII OMENA.

band for the bodice to "blouse" over, at once makes a new effect; and to some boleros the addition of a little basque can be managed with good results.

New materials are always among the first novelties available at the turn of the season. This autumn, we already know, we shall patronise chiefly rough, speckled, and hairy or zibeline materials. Smooth face-cloths are for the moment out of favour; there are, indeed, such fabrics well in evidence, but they are spotted with zibeline; rough-haired pastilles of diverse sizes are scattered on the smooth surface. Brown, as always, is a popular colour. Plaid effects, with brown as the ground, are much to the fore this year. A slender thread of blue or green or gold marks out a check on the plain brown surface; the line of colour probably knotted or hairy as well as different in tint. Heather mixtures again are being well chosen, I am informed. Then there is a deep purply brown, the tone of a certain kind of fading leaf, such as that of the vine, which is a delicious colour. In a week or two there will be more to say on this topic.

A plaid cloth was employed to build the smart frock illustrated. It is specially intended for the moors, being finished with those leather bands that defy equally the tugging heather sprigs and the damp mists of the moors. The deep band of leather round the feet is balanced by a yoke of the same material. The proper



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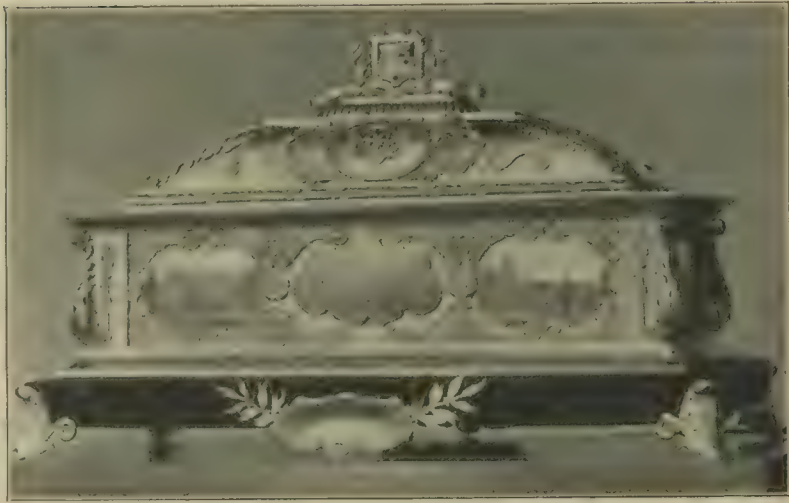
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

By the order of the President of the Probate Court, the copy of the will made on March 3, 1898, of Mr. Frederick Arthur Beer, of 7, Chesterfield Gardens, Mayfair, who died on Dec. 30, 1901, has been proved by Mr. Joseph Sassoon Sassoon, the uncle and committee of Mrs. Rachel Beer, the widow, the value of the estate being £459,479. The testator directs that the income from his wife's marriage settlement is to be increased to £2000 per annum, and he gives and devises the residue of his real and personal estate to her absolutely.

The will (dated April 16, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 4, 1898), of Mr. John James Barrow, of 35, Hyde Park Gardens, and Holmewood Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 18, was proved on Aug. 26 by Mrs. Dorothea Mary Barrow, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £427,002. The testator gives £15,000 to his son John Burton Barrow; £8000 to his son Copner Walton Barrow; and the residue of his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 2, 1901), with two codicils (dated Dec. 28, 1901, and Jan. 26, 1903), of Mr. William Cadge, surgeon, of 49, St. Giles Street, Norwich, and 1, the Esplanade,



THE MAIDSTONE CASKET PRESENTED TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

The casket, which is richly gilt, handsomely chased, and ornamented in repoussé, bears the inscription: "Presented to the Right Hon. Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., with the Freedom of the Borough of Maidstone, 21st August, 1903.—Wm. Day, Mayor." It is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Queen Victoria Street, Oxford Street, and Regent Street.

Lowestoft, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 14 by Edward Cadge and Lieutenant-Colonel William Hotson Cadge, the nephews, the value of the estate amounting to £110,163. The testator gives 1 and 2, the Esplanade, Lowestoft, with the furniture, and £2100 to his nephew William Hotson; £2000 to his nephew Henry Michael; his house in St. Giles Street and £2100 to his nephew William; £5000 to the endowment fund of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital; £1000 to the Royal Medical Benevolent College, Epsom; a picture of Sheringham Mill, by Bright, to the Norwich Castle Museum; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to three eighths to his nephew Edward, three eighths, in trust, for his nephew William Hotson, and two eighths, in trust, for his nephew Henry Michael.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1902), with a codicil (dated March 4 following), of Mr. Robert Lamplough, proprietor of the Manor House Hotel, Leamington, and the Pavilion Hotel, Scarborough, who died on July 1, was proved on Aug. 25 by J. W. Lamplough and R. Lamplough, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £64,255. The testator bequeaths £200, an annuity of £600, and part of the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary

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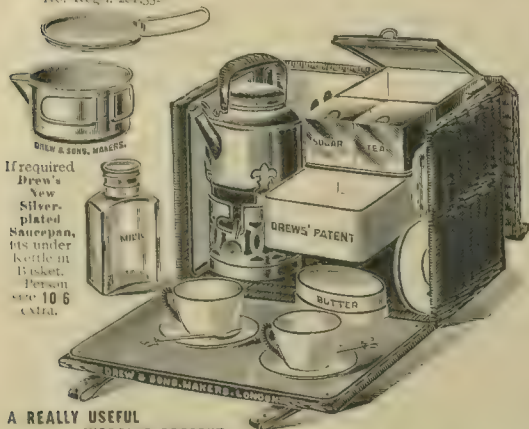
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FOR FLANNELS AND WOOLLENS.

Lamplough, and subject thereto gives all his property to his children, James William, Robert, Charles, Wharran Henry, Mrs. Elizabeth Gertrude Clark, Mrs. Mary Catherine Mann, and Mrs. Eleanor Annie Armstrong.

The will (dated July 28, 1896), with three codicils (dated Feb. 9, 1899, June 30, 1900, and May 5, 1902), of the Hon. Mrs. Catharine Elizabeth Kenyon, of Maesfen, Malpas, Herefordshire, who died on June 16, at 105, Eaton Place, was proved on Aug. 20 by George Marsham, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the estate amounting to £35,201. The testatrix appoints £4000, part of the funds of her marriage settlement, to her brother George; and she gives £3000 to her brother-in-law, the Rev. Cloudesley Dewar Bullock-Marsham; £500 each to her nephew and niece, Francis William and Constance Elizabeth Bullock-Marsham; £200 to the Hon. George Thomas Kenyon; £500 to the Vicar of Loose, for the nursing fund founded in memory of her sister, Marcia Elizabeth Marie Marsham; £500 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Chad's, Tushington, in trust, to apply £4 per annum in keeping up the Kenyon family grave, and to distribute the remaining income among the bellringers; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves as to one moiety to her brother, and the other between her nephews and nieces, Cloudesley Henry, Francis William, Jessie Catherine, and Constance Elizabeth.

The will (dated March 19, 1901) of Mr. Killingworth Richard Hedges, of 54, Montagu Square, who

died on July 10, was proved on Aug. 21 by Assheton Pownall, Alexander Martin Bremner, Herbert Alexander Wix, and Charles Bourne-Royds, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,156. The testator gives £300, the household effects, and any annuity or sum of money payable under his partnership articles, to his wife; £300 to Nicholas Algernon Mercer; £400 to his brother Septimus Hedges; £100 to Killingworth M. Todd; and legacies to executors and clerks. The income from the residue of his property is to be paid to his wife during her widowhood, or an annuity of £300 in the event of her again marrying, and subject thereto all his property is to be divided between his children.

The will (dated May 2, 1903) of Mrs. Jane Isabella Hodgkinson, widow, of 19, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 4, has been proved by Sturgeon Nunn Pretymann Brewster, Frank Halford Baxter, and Oswald Samuel Okell, the executors, the value of the estate being £33,476. The testatrix gives her property in Chester on various trusts to her children, and leaves the residue of her property to them in equal shares.

From Sept. 1 the Midland Railway Company will inaugurate a new arrangement by which passengers intending to stay at the company's hotels may, at St. Pancras, Manchester (Central), Liverpool (Central), Leeds, Bradford, Derby, and Morecambe, have their luggage labelled and registered direct to the hotel, at

which it will be delivered by the company's servants free of charge.

The Great Northern Railway Company are, as usual, making very extensive and complete arrangements in connection with this year's Doncaster Races. The ordinary splendid service of nineteen express trains from London (King's Cross) will be fully maintained, and numerous additional expresses will be run. For the convenience of passengers attending Alexandra Park Races not wishing to leave Doncaster until Saturday, Sept. 12, a special 9.39 a.m. express has been arranged.

In the A.B.C. Time-table issued by the Great Central Railway Company, destination stations are shown in alphabetical order and so concisely arranged that the complete train service between London and any particular place, as well as the ordinary fares, can be seen at a glance. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or any of the company's town offices or agencies.

The modern endeavour after efficiency in every department of life postulates perfect health, which is too often prevented by overmuch flesh. Obese persons who would attain satisfactory bodily condition will find a safe method described in "Corpulency and the Cure," published by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, W.C., the discoverer of the successful "Russell" treatment.

BILE BEANS CURE INDIGESTION AND ANÆMIA, AFTER FIVE DOCTORS & DISPENSARY TREATMENT FAILED.

"I ALMOST USED TO FEEL THAT I WOULD LIKE TO DIE, so awful were my sufferings," said Mrs. John Smith, No. 1, Village, Lelley, Preston, Holderness, to a reporter of the *Hull News*. "I was tortured for nearly seven years by Indigestion and Anæmia. I seemed to have no blood in me. My fingers trembled so violently that it was an impossibility for me to pick up a plate without letting it drop. My feet were always cold, and they used to swell to such an extent that I did not know how to walk. Work was not possible on account of agonising pains and a severe burning sensation in my head. My appetite failed me completely, and I was always troubled by dizziness.

"I consulted no fewer than five doctors, and attended the Dispensary at Hull. I consumed large quantities of medicine, which only made my teeth rot and my gums very soft. The last doctor I consulted advised me to get a bicycle. I did so, but I had not the strength and energy to ride it. He also told me to go and reside in the country (at this time I was living in Hull), away from the smoke and dust, for if I did not I should be dead in a few weeks. I followed out his advice, but no benefit resulted from the change. I was in this helpless and terrible condition when a lady friend of mine, residing in Buckingham Street, Hull, brought to my notice Bile Beans for Biliousness, as they had cured her of Bilious bouts. I saw an advertisement in a paper, and sent for a sample box. I took the contents, and felt somewhat better, as all my dizziness completely disappeared. I persevered with the use of the Beans, and the result has been marvellous. My head was cleared. I have now a keen appetite, can do my work with pleasure, and go out and enjoy my cycle rides. I am completely cured, and restored to perfect health. I firmly believe that but for Bile Beans for Biliousness I should now be in my grave."

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

BILIOUSNESS.

A more common or annoying complaint than Biliousness it is hard to find. It prohibits the sufferer from doing work of any kind, holding a conversation, or even resting quietly; not only this, but the nausea is most disagreeable, and the taste and breath are exceedingly offensive. It is an ailment caused by a surcharge of bile becoming stagnant in the stomach, and is generally accompanied by Indigestion and Constipation, vomiting, and a yellow appearance of the complexion. Dizziness and violent headaches are usual symptoms. The bile is the natural purgative of the body, and is secreted by the liver; if it fails to flow in its usual channels, or to perform its usual duties, the liver is responsible. A remedy should be applied at once that will act in an efficient manner, and the remedy to take is BILE BEANS, which are compounded expressly for ailments of this sort. They are so prepared that they act directly on the liver, helping it to help itself, and enabling it to secrete enough bile to flush the bowels thoroughly, and thus clear off all waste and offensive matter from the system. This remedy is well known, and is conceded the most mild and effective medicine of the age. It does not afford mere temporary relief, but an absolute and lasting cure. It sells on its merits alone.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are the product of modern scientific research, and therefore thoroughly up-to-date. They do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, and leaving the patient weakened like the out-of-date so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago, which contain probably aloes, mercury, and other harmful drugs. Bile Beans, without the slightest discomfort, prompt the liver and digestive organs to act in Nature's normal way, leaving those organs strengthened and stimulated to continue the performance of their duties without further assistance. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half a hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BILE BEAN is ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they do not contain any harmful drugs, and they are the SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

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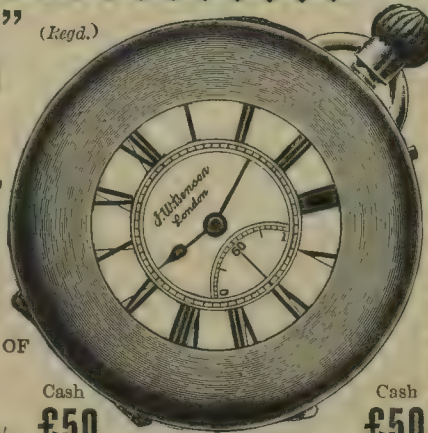
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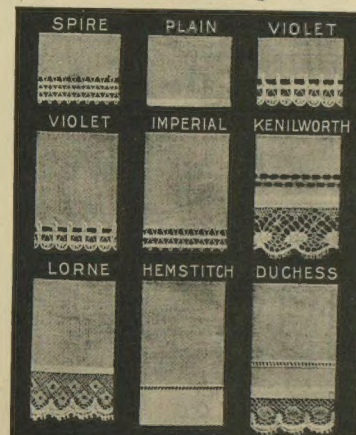
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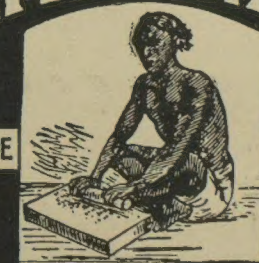
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Record* quotes an interesting letter addressed by the late Lord Salisbury to the Rev. W. T. M'Cormick in 1894. Mr. M'Cormick was at that time Vicar of St. Matthew's, Brighton, and had been corresponding with the ex-Premier on religious matters. Lord Salisbury said in his reply, "To me the central point is the Resurrection of Christ, which I believe." After giving his reasons for this faith, he added, "To anyone who believes the Resurrection of Christ, the rest presents little difficulty. No one who has that belief will doubt that those who were commissioned by Him to speak—Paul, Peter, Mark, John—carried a Divine message."

The *Church Times* gives a list of the various London churches at which Lord Salisbury was from time to time

a worshipper. In his early married life he attended St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, with which Lady Salisbury's father, Mr. Baron Alderson, was closely connected. Later Lord Salisbury often worshipped at the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand in the days of that remarkable preacher, Dr. Evans; and he was frequently a communicant at St. Thomas's, Regent Street.

Much interest is felt among North London Churchmen in the approaching settlement of the Rev. Frank Swainson as Vicar of St. Barnabas' Church, Holloway. He is a man of original mind and rare organising gifts, who has in five years gathered a men's Bible-class of over two thousand members at All Saints', Sheffield. Only a few weeks ago the Vicar of All Saints', the

Rev. C. F. Knight, announced that the church would have to be enlarged to provide sittings for the afternoon congregation. Mr. Swainson will doubtless build up a similar work among the crowded population of Holloway.

Bishop Olnwole is still in England, and recently addressed a large meeting at Cromer on behalf of the C.M.S. The Bishop of Norwich, who made a short speech at the close, said no one could look at Bishop Olnwole without recognising two great facts. One was how admirably suited under the providence of God the African race was for receiving the Gospel; and secondly, the marvellous advance that race had made. Pre-eminent among the native races that were not dying out was the African.

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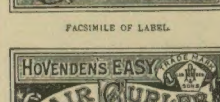
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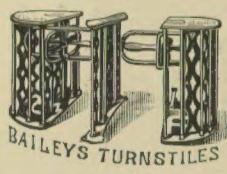
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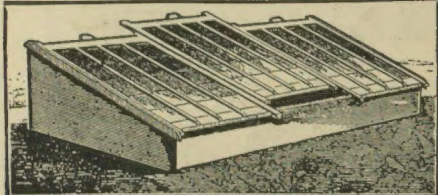


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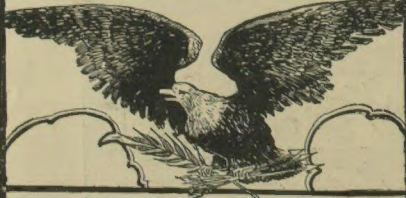
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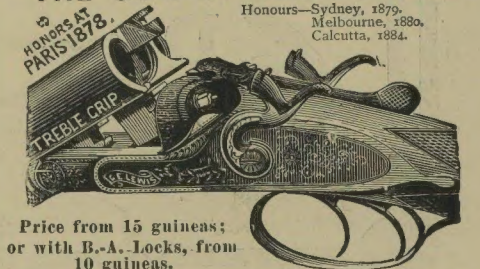
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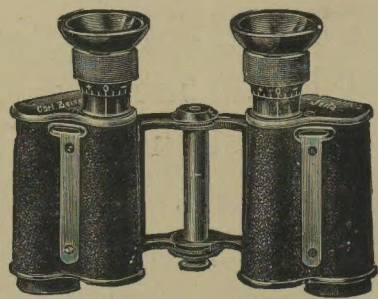


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